THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

AUGUST, 1808.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS;

From an AMERICAN TRAVELLER in EUROPE, to his friends in this country.

LETTER TWENTIETH.

Rome, Feb. 20th, 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BEFORE I quit this city, I anticipate your desire to know something of its topographical situation, and particularly in its relation to the ancient city. I presume that you will feel the same curiosity which I experienced, and that you would ask the same questions. Is modern Rome placed precisely on the same ground with the ancient? Does it cover as large a space? How are its seven hills? Are they still visible? Are they worthy of that name? How is the Tarpeian Rock? Does it respond to the descriptions of it by ancient authors? Or is it that contemptible fragment, which some modern travellers represent it? How is the Tiber at the present day? Is it the roaring Tiber, "chafing with his flood?" Or is it a muddy and contemptible rivulet, as some persons pretend? On the whole, is Rome still so magnificent, and does it yet bear so much resemblance to the famed mistress of the world, as to satisfy your expectations, and gratify your feelings?

I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity on all these points, observing however, that I follow no former traveller, but rest wholly on my own personal observation, and the best lights I could procure from plans of the ancient and modern cities.

Modern Rome is erected on precisely the same ground, and is of the same general form with the ancient. Its walls have been preserved for many centuries; but there is this difference in the two cities; ancient Rome was completely filled with edifices, either for habitation or luxury, while modern Rome contains within its walls vast deserted fields, in which the traveller may be lost, without being able to find a solitary or straggling inhabitant to direct his footsteps.

Ancient Rome also was surrounded with suburbs, scarcely infe-

riour in elegance or population to the city itself. On the northern side they are said to have extended to Otricoli, a distance of forty miles, and to have borne so much the marks of a city, that, when Constantius visited it, he thought himself already arrived in Rome, when he was at the distance of thirteen leagues. The environs of modern Rome, on the contrary, are, as I have formerly noticed, the most desolate and melancholy I ever beheld. If you had known Hounslow Heath in the vicinity of London, I could give you an object of comparison, but in our own country I know not where to find one. The plains of Danvers, or the entrance to Salem over the new turnpike will give a very feeble idea of the horrour of this scenery.

The modern city, like the ancient, is built upon both banks of the Tiber, which flows through it in a meandering course from north to south. Much the greater part of the city is now, as well as formerly, built upon the eastern side of the river, though the inhabitants of the western side, a turbulent and intrepid race of men, boast of being the true descendants of the ancient Romans.

Rome is about fourteen miles in circumference, though the inhabited part of it does not amount to more than one quarter, and is principally confined to the vicinity of the ancient Forum Romanum.

You enter the city, in coming from Florence, by the ancient Porta Flaminia, which is now called Porta del Popolo, and which formerly was the termination of the Via Flaminia, the rémains of which are in many places still perceived in excellent preservation. The ancient Forum Populi, which you entered on passing the Flaminian gate, is still an elegant square, called Piazza del Popolo, and is very imposing to a stranger who for the first time visits the city.

Three strait and beautiful streets commence on the south side of this noble square, directly opposite the gate, and go off in diverging lines, one along the banks of the Tiber, another along the centre of the city, and the third toward the celebrated hills, around which are placed the principal beauties of modern Rome.

The surface of Rome, with the exception of the particular quarter, in which the mountains or seven hills are situated, is in general extremely level; the streets are clean, and well paved; the churches and palaces are in a noble style of architecture, and the houses are much superiour to those of most cities on the continent.

This splendid metropolis boasts a vast number of noble squares, which possess two advantages almost peculiar to Rome: I allude to their fountains, and their obelisks. The enterprize and the wealth of modern princes are not equal to such vast undertakings. It is necessary that a whole world should be tributary to an absolute prince, to enable him to execute such magnificent and noble works. Whether the emperour of France will acquire the requisite power and wealth, is yet uncertain; and still more so, whether he or his servants will have the necessary taste. The French, if you will pardon me a digression, are a people entirely different from the ancient or modern Romans. They want not only the dignity of taste and grandeur of conception, but they lack the perseverance and patience requisite to the execution and perfection of great designs. They prefer something light and airy, which can be executed as soon as it is thought of, and

they are indifferent whether it lasts longer than its novelty.

That they have begun a great number of noble works, cannot be denied; but it has been remarked of them, that they have never completed a single one. I confess I cannot remember one, which appeared to me to be perfect in all its parts; but I can recollect one hundred, which are a daily reproach, and constant monuments of their fickleness and versatility.

I think, from these causes, that Rome will still mock her proud conquerour, and will boast her own superiority in the exhibition of the powers of human genius and enterprize, while she is compelled to surrender the seat of the Cæsars to the descendants of the vanquished Gauls.

The seven celebrated hills of ancient Rome, the Palatinus, Capitolinus, Celius, Aventinus, Quirinalis, Viminalis, and Esquilinus, although somewhat changed by the repeated sackings and overthrows, which the city has experienced from its numerous and successive conquerours, still preserve a considerable portion of their beauty and grandeur, and contribute greatly to the ornament of this splendid metropolis.

The Palatine mount has suffered the most of any of them from the changes produced by time and the ravages of the barbarians, and it has now little interesting about it, except the remains of the palace of the Cæsars, which occupied the principal part of this mountain.

The Capitoline hill still maintains a respectable rank, and commands a fine view of the city. The quarter of the town, which takes its name from this celebrated hill, a name connected with the most splendid parts of the Roman history, and therefore interesting to every man of classick taste, may be still considered as the principal and most important part of modern Rome.

This hill is about six hundred feet wide from north to south, and about twelve hundred feet from east to west. Its height and general dimensions appeared to me about the same with those of Beacon hill in Boston.

The temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, which was placed on the northern side of this hill, has given place to the church called Ara Cæli, which is built chiefly out of its ruins.

The Tarpeian Rock formed the southern defence of this famous hill, and though some travellers are disposed to lessen its importance, and have even intimated that it would now be no punishment to be thrown from this rock, yet my views of the subject are extremely different. You shall however judge for yourself. It is a fact, that the houses in the streets below the rock, are, in general, four and five stories in height, and yet the roofs of them are vastly below you, when you stand on the summit of the rock. It is still a perpendicular precipice of solid stone, of at least sixty or seventy feet in height, and one would not wish an enemy a more certain or awful punishment, than to be precipitated from this eminence.

I have given you this minute detail, because I know that you feel an interest in a subject so often mentioned by the writers, whom you cherished in your youth.

You ascend the Capitoline hill by a beautiful stone stair case, or flight of steps constructed by Michael Angelo. At the foot of the steps are two superb sphinxes of Egyptian basalte, and at the head of it are two colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, each holding a horse by the head, but of coarse and ordinary execution.

The square on the top of the hill is ornamented with the celebrated equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The square itself is surrounded with magnificent edifices from the designs of Michael Angelo. On the west, fronting the steps is the *Senatorial palace*, a feeble and miserable attempt to preserve the recollection of their former grandeur One, who is acquainted with the history of modern Rome, can hardly believe, that its present inhabitants should have the ridiculous vanity to preserve the forms and ceremonies of their ancient government. A wretched, enervated and miserable people, successively the prey of every bold invader, and for centuries governed by a superstitious and feeble priesthood, ought to wish, if they had any pride, that the recollection of the glory of their ancestors might be obliterated from the memory of all mankind. But so inconsistent are men, that these degraded Romans cherish the fame of their ancestors as if it was their own, and they endeavour to preserve their institutions, when the force which maintained them, and the objects for which they were created, are no more.

Perhaps, however, this disposition is not more ridiculous than that of the French in celebrating the destruction of the Bastile, after they have passed under a military yoke, infinitely more heavy than the one, from which they fancied that they had escaped.

It is a fact, which may be as new to you as it was to me, that the Romans annually elect one Senator, who has his residence in this palace, and that they continue to elect their consuls, though they have long since ceased to lead their armies to conquest, and indeed have no armies to command. Among the curiosities in this palace, is the register of their consuls, which has been regularly continued, and is engraved with great pomp, in imitation of their ancestors. on tables of marble. Consul Barberini, or Rospigliosi makes as respectable a figure in engraving or sculpture as Cæsar or Cicero: and though they can neither boast the heroism of the one, nor the eloquence of the other, as long as the marble endures, they may hope to be as immortal.

The other edifices on this celebrated hill are the Museum Capitolinum, and the palace of the Conservators, which, like the other, is a mere name without meaning, and may do very well to rank with the "Palais du Senat Conservatif" of Bonaparte.

One thing these palaces can boast, which those of France cannot, that what they are deficient in modern merit or utility, they make up in ancient beauties. They are filled with fine busts, statues, and relicks of all kinds, as well as with excellent paintings by modern artists. The rest of the topographical description of Rome, I must suspend till I have an opportunity of writing another letter to America.

NOTICE OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

FROM AN ENGLISH PUBLICATION.

Maria Angelica Kauffman was born in Coire, the capital of the Grisons, on the 30th Oct. 1740. She was the only daughter of John Joseph Kauffman, of Swarthemberg, and of Cleophe Lucin, of the same

place. Her father was a painter of some consideration, and her mother a woman highly respectable for her domestick virtues.

In her very infancy Angelica evinced a strong disposition for the arts of design; for nothing gave her so much delight as examining and copying prints. Her inclination did not escape the observation of her father: her infant genius was accordingly fostered by him with instruction in some principles of the art; and so rapid was her proficiency, that, when only between eight and nine years of age, she already began to paint, first in crayons and then in oil. In these pursuits she laboured under an insurmountable difficulty, as, by the decorums of her sex, she was prevented from resorting to academies, and from thus forming her judgment and taste by naked living figures. But this circumstance by no means discouraged her. By drawing after the most correct models, and by the assiduous study of the works of the best artists, she compensated the unavoidable deficiency of academick instruction. And this, perhaps, ultimately proved an advantage to her; since, free from the danger of taking a bias to any peculiar method, she became more adapted to form an exclusive and original character in painting.

Her progress in the subsequent years was astonishing, and stands, perhaps, unrivalled in the annals of the art. Between the tenth and eleventh year of her age she was already skilled in taking portraits; for it is an authentick and indisputable fact, that in 1751, having accompanied her father to Como, she drew, in crayons, a portrait of Monseigneur Nevroni, bishop of that city, which attracted the admiration of the prelate and of the inhabitants.

In order, however, to give a full developement to her rising talents, in 1754 (the 14th year of her age) she was conducted by her father to Milan, where the gallery of pictures in that metropolis opened to her an ample field of observation and improvement. But whilst she was so assiduous in studying the productions of former masters, she did not neglect to exhibit new proofs of her own talents; and at this period she executed portraits of the dutchess of Massa Carrara, of the illustrious count Firmian, the Austrian governour, and other persons of the highest distinction. The death of her mother, however, obliged her to accompany her father to Swarthemberg, his native place, where he was called to settle some family concerns; and as, during his stay in that place, he had a commission to paint some pictures for his own parish church, that time was not entirely lost to his daughter, for the twelve apostles, in separate compartments, were executed by her.

Having settled all family concerns, and being now free from any occasional engagements, Angelica, in 1758, accompanied by her father, returned to Italy, with the purpose of studying and practising her art on a much larger scale. But in her way to that country she found employment in her profession; for, while passing through Constance, Monfort, and other places of note, she was engaged to take portraits of cardinal Casimir de Roch, bishop of Constance, of the count of Monfort and his family, as well as of other persons of distinction. She did not stop long in Milan; for she intended to study, as she actually did, in Reggio, Parma, and Placentia, all the works of Guido, Guercino, and other great masters of the Lombard school. She remained

nearly a year in Florence, for a similar purpose of study; and at length towards the close of 1759, she went to Rome, which capital was to give a full scope to her powers.

There, in fact, the publick life of Angelica Kauffman may be said to have commenced. It may be considered in a three fold point of view—in respect to her farther professional studies; to her original works; and to other pursuits, which, although not immediately connected with her profession, served to complete her education and enlarge her mind. She made copies of the most celebrated paintings, and draughts and *schizzos* of the most valuable remains of ancient sculpture; she also executed several new portraits, and copied some paintings upon commission; and, finally, she employed all her leisure hours in reading the most eminent poets and historians; by which means she acquired a knowledge of mythology and of the history and manners of ancient Greece and Rome. She became complete mistress of four languages—the Italian, the French, the English, and the German; and she cultivated musick both by singing and by playing on the harpsichord, in both which branches she highly excelled. She availed herself of the circumstance of her residence in Rome to visit Naples in order to study and copy some of the most excellent paintings in the royal gallery, formerly belonging to the illustrious house of Farnese.

Angelica had now passed about five years in Rome, and had there acquired a great number of admirers, both natives and foreigners: among others, she had become acquainted with several of the English nobility and gentry, and by them had been urged to visit England. She seems, however, not yet to have resolved to undertake this journey; for, in 1764, she removed from Rome to Venice, in which place she remained a full twelvemonth, studying the works of Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and other artists of the Venetian school: and it is uncertain whether she would soon have carried into execution her intention of visiting England, if, in Venice, she had not become acquainted with Lady Wentworth, wife of the ambassadour, Mr. Morris, who was about to return to her native country. In the company therefore of that respectable lady, she came to England in 1765.

At her arrival in London she had numerous commissions from those who had known her in Italy and from their friends; and it was not long before her royal highness the Princess of Wales, mother to his present Majesty, informed of the abilities of the artist, engaged her in the service of the royal family. She accordingly had the honour of being employed to make a portrait of her Majesty, whom she represented in the garb of a goddess, with the little Prince of Wales by her side, under the figure of a genius. She likewise painted the Princess Augusta, dutchess of Brunswick, holding with her hand her young son, the Prince Charles; and Christian VII. king of Denmark, who then happened to be in London.

The residence of Angelica Kauffman in England constituted a remarkable æra in the annals of the fine arts in a more general and extensive view. There, for the first time, she fully developed her talents for historical painting; and there she displayed in her works of this description those excellencies, for which ever after she was so justly celebrated, originality in composition; elegance in invention; and taste in colouring. She also indirectly gave a new and powerful impulse to another of the sis-

ter arts ; for all the most eminent engravers in England soon made it a point to immortalize by their prints as many of her works as could be procured for the purpose. In return, she herself was indebted to those artists for the principal part of her fame, as, by the extensive circulation of the prints, they rendered her more and more celebrated throughout the civilized world.

We shall not now mention any of the numberless portraits and other inferiour works which she executed during her residence in England and on her journey to Ireland : such objects can find no room in this short notice ; and even in a more detailed account they might be thrown into the back ground. But it is necessary to say, that at the period to which we allude, she received from the most celebrated academies in Europe, those marks of honour, to which by her singular merit she was so justly entitled. She was nominated a member of the academy of St. Luke in Rome, of the Clementine academy in Bologna, of those of Venice and Florence, and of the Royal Academy of London.

Angelica Kauffman was now in the 40th year of her age ; and her father, who had been her inseparable companion in all her travels, was in the decline of life ; in order therefore to avoid those inconveniences and dangers, to which a woman is exposed who has no protector, towards the close of 1780 she married Signor Antony Zucchi, a Venetian painter, who had long resided in London, and, from a great number of works, was well known in England. At the same time, her aged father wishing to see his native country and his friends again, she was prevailed upon to leave England, which, after sixteen years residence, she did, in the summer of 1781. With her father and her husband she went first to Germany, and thence, after visiting their relations, to Italy. They had scarcely reached Venice when Mr. Kauffman died.

In all probability Angelica Kauffman (she did not choose to change her maiden name) was satisfied with the honours, which she had hitherto received ; and perhaps had no idea that any additional tokens of the kind could be conferred upon her. If this was the case, she must have been much surprised, when, being in Venice in the winter of 1782, a tribute was paid to her talents, which, from the times of Leo X. and Charles V. had been unknown in the history of the polite arts : she was personally visited by the late emperour Paul of Russia and his empress, who, under the name of the count and countess du Nord, were making the tour of Italy. They found her painting the death of Leonardo da Vinci, in the arms of Francis I. king of France ; and they desired her to finish it for themselves, and to deliver it, as soon as finished, to their minister.

Mrs. Kauffman, already independent and mistress of her own time, had resolved to fix her residence in that city of Italy, which was the most illustrious seat of the arts, and she went to Rome. Wishing, however, to see Naples again, she made an excursion to that metropolis in 1783. She was presented at court, and received from her Sicilian majesty the commission for painting, on a large scale, the numerous royal family of the Two Sicilies. On her return to Rome she executed that great composition of portraits ; and this circumstance, in the winter of 1784, procured to her an honour equal to that which she had enjoyed

in Venice two years before. She was visited by the emperour Joseph II, then travelling through Italy; and as a mark of respect and esteem from his imperial majesty, she was requested to paint for the cabinet of Vienna two pictures, with the full choice on her part both of the subjects and the size.

In the spring of that year she was however obliged to go to Naples again, for the purpose of presenting to the queen the picture of the royal family. She was engaged by her majesty to remain for some time at Naples, with the character of honourary court painter, and of drawing mistress to the two eldest princesses. She was allotted a carriage from court, and an apartment in the magnificent house of the late prince of Francaville; and her stay was till the month of October.

On her return to Rome, she applied to the two pictures which had been requested of her by the emperor Joseph. As the subject of one of those performances, she selected Eneas doing the honours of the funeral of young Pallas, after the battle against the Tyrrhenians; and as that of the other, Arminius when, having defeated the Romans, with the death of Quintilius Varus, returning to his forest loaded with Roman trophies, he is met by his wife and other young women, spreading flowers in his path, and presenting him with laurel crowns. The two pictures. by the means of cardinal Herzan, imperial plenipotentiary in Rome, were sent to the emperour, who, in return, wrote with his own hand to the cardinal a letter, expressing the highest degree of satisfaction and acknowledgment. "As a token," said he, "of my gratitude, I join to this letter a snuff box and a medal, which your eminence will have the goodness to present in my name to Angelica, I desire you likewise to inform her, that the two works are already placed in the imperial gallery; for I wish that, as well as myself, all my subjects may admire her superiour talents."

These two great historical paintings occupied Angelica during the whole year 1785, and more than one half of the next, but not exclusively; for, in that interval, she executed the commission of the late empress Catherine of Russia, for a large picture representing Servius Tullius, the sixth king of the Romans, when, in his childhood, falling asleep in the apartments of the elder Tarquin, a bright flame was seen on his head, and Queen Tanaquil and her maids of honour wishing to extinguish it, were prevented by Tarquin, who regarded that phenomenon as a harmless presage of his future greatness. In that interval, also, and in the course of 1787, she finished a picture for King Stanislaus of Poland, the subject of which was, Virgil reading to Augustus and Octavia the sixth book of the Eneid, and the empress fainting at the recital of the passage in which the name of young Marcellus is introduced.

We shall take no notice of some other equal or inferiour works, which this artist executed from 1788 to 1790, for they do not materially add to her merit and fame. We shall however mention, as the last of her great historical paintings, that which, towards the close of 1790, in consequence of a commission from Pius VI. she made for the celebrated sanctuary of our Lady at Loretto. The subject was the blessed virgin, in her childhood, pouring from a little vessel some water on a young lily, and, her face turned toward heaven, contempla-

ting a ray of light descending on her head; whilst her parents, Joachim and Anne, surprised at the phenomenon, seem to offer their pious thanks to God. Pius VI. was so satisfied with this performance, that, in 1792, he issued orders that it should be executed, as it actually was, in mosaick, for the church of Loretto.

Two other performances only shall be mentioned in the present notice. These are the portraits, as large as life, of two illustrious families. The one represents the widow princess of Holstein-Beck, with her son, the prince Frederick Charles, and her daughter, having at her side her bridegroom, the Russian count Zolsty, together with other figures, introduced for the purpose of *historizing* the composition. The other exhibits the family of Zamoisky in Poland: in a family garden, the father, sitting, holds with his hand a young daughter, standing by his side; on the other side are two young sons, seeming to listen to him, whilst he points to them with his finger a bust in marble of one of their ancestors, who had deserved well of his country, for their imitation. These two elegant pictures were soon after engraved by the celebrated Morghen.

In 1795, Mrs. Kauffman's husband died, and she was much affected with the loss of a respectable man, who had been her faithful companion during twenty four years. She herself was now fifty-five years old; but although she did not ever after produce any work that could, in point of invention, come into competition with the greatest of those which we have already noticed, she was far from being inactive. She painted a number of pieces by commission, especially for travellers, and chiefly for the English.

This last circumstance was a pretext for the revolutionary robbers of France to deprive her of that safeguard of respect, which is granted to all benefactors of mankind. At the entrance of the French into Rome, in 1798, the works then in her hands were seized as English property. "Not even the studies of the artists," said she in a letter to a friend of her's in London, "are excepted." "The above-mentioned pictures were amongst the few I had in my possession; and as a certain gentleman known to lady ***** was engaged in managing this affair, and paid some money (this is the grand *arcanum*) though not a great sum, to rescue them, I find he makes some difficulty in letting them be forwarded without a reimbursement."

By the invasion of the French likewise she lost that part of her fortune, which she had placed in the bank of Rome; and to this point also she shall speak for herself. "I have," said she, in another letter of the 12th October, 1799, "suffered nothing in regard to my person. * * * * * * But there was no want of other distresses of all kinds; and the prospect was gloomy beyond expression. * * * * * The losses I have sustained are considerable, and at a time of life when I flattered myself that I should enjoy a little comfort and ease. However, a resigned mind is able to endure the distresses of this world. * * * Perhaps, in time, affairs will be settled again in regard to the publick funds; but this whole state has been plundered of all that is valuable in every branch."

We cannot close the account of this extraordinary woman, without giving some hints concerning the rank, which she occupies among painters, at least among those of her own sex. In the golden age of

artsin Italy,andin'the subsequent century also,seven female painters flourished. Lavinia Fontana, Artemisia Gentileschi, Chiara Varotari, Giovanna Carzoni, Maria Tintoretto(the daughter of the great painter of this name) Sophonisba Anguisciola,and Elizabeth Sirani. None of these ever rose to the highest degree of merit ; none at least were able to enter into competition with their contemporary great painters of the other sex ; none of them, consequently, can rival the merit of Angelica Kauffman ! In the last century, Rosalba Carriera (better known only by her christian name, *Rosalba*) was justly considered as a female painter until then unknown in the history of the art, and capable of coming into competition with any painter of the other sex. In the line of crayons and of miniature she had only a few rivals : in the clearness and liveliness of her colours she was admirable. As far, therefore, as a generick comparison can be made, this is the only female painter, who can balance the merit and fame of the subject of our memoir. We shall decline any decision on this head ; but supposing the question should never be decided, Angelica may be satisfied with her share of glory, if one person only of her sex be allowed to come into competition with her, in the whole history of the art of painting among the moderns.

Maria Angelica Kauffman died at Rome on the 5th November, 1807, aged 67 years and six days. She was of a middle size, and well proportioned, with a round face, bright eyes, and expressive countenance. In her youth she had been uncommonly handsome, and even in her advanced age she preserved a cheerful and prepossessing look. She was of an excellent moral character, was always sober and retired, and,in her leisure hours, only indulged in the society of her relations and friends She had no issue by her husband, Mr. Zucchi ; and leaving behind her a considerable fortune, she disposed of a part of it in favour of a pious foundation in Coire and of another part in favour of her collateral relations. During the three weeks of the illness, which preceded her decease, she received the sacraments, according to the ritual of the Roman catholick church. After death, such honours were paid to her remains as to add, if possible, to her fame, and to reflect great credit on the inhabitants of Rome. She was buried with solemn pomp in her parish church of St. Andrew *delle Fratte*. The funeral ceremony was chiefly directed by the excellent sculptor, the Chevalier Canova, and was attended by all the academicians of St. Luke, and all the literary corporations. F. D.

London, April 30, 1808.

For the Anthology.

ON TASTE.

Dr. Johnson has, in his Rasselas, though perhaps undesignedly, exposed to the hazard of inquiry a principle, commonly regarded as an axiom in the world of letters. One of the declaimers, who had undertaken to investigate the question so often agitated,i n what does happiness con-

sist, answers, that it consists in making nature the standard of our actions. He cited, in illustration of his hypothesis, the lower orders of existence, who possessed no desires beyond their capacities of enjoyment. Rasselas was amused, delighted, and almost convinced by the eloquence of the discourse; but after an examination of his own heart, he found it a receptacle of appetites and passions, which the addition of fins or wings to his body was incompetent to satisfy. He applies to the philosopher for assistance, asks him what mode of life must be adopted to live according to nature, and is supplied with a definition, which elucidates nothing but the definer's ignorance of the subject.

Many writers, who have attempted to explain the principles of taste, labour under a difficulty of a similar kind. After composing the gravity of their muscles, they tell us, that nature contains all the rudiments of taste; and, under such pupilage, we need only to learn the meaning of the word *unnatural*, to rival the knowledge of our masters. We have known a physician, who professed to work miracles with his patients on the same principles: the sum of all his knowledge amounted to this, that a valetudinarian had nothing more to do, than to lie down and die like a beast without the expense of medicine. His common cant was, that nature would do the business for his patients; and to give the man due credit, she did it, as their monumental inscriptions abundantly testify. Ignorance often shrouds itself in this manner, and under the broad canopy of general terms, defies all attempts at detection.

Whenever writers of this sort are driven from one point of argument, they instantly retreat to another; and still the benevolent generality of the terms covers all such literary imbecility. How far Nature is to be followed, when abandoned, or in fact what she is, the true cardinal points of intelligence, are left untouched. In fact, it is not more absurd for a man to write a volume and inform his readers, that they must, as long as they live, be inhabitants of the planet, on which they were born, and from which they cannot possibly escape, than to state such a general fact as a specifick direction in their literary guidance, that we must write conformably to Nature. Of this lady it must be allowed by her most passionate admirers, that she is semper varium et mutabile.

A superficial consideration of the subject does not sufficiently expose the pernicious nature of these general terms. Let a man compare the writings of Swift, Addison, and many others of that age, with the authors of our own times, and he will be astonished at the contrast they present. In the former instance, he will find fact and circumstance punctiliously stated, and all those ideas distinctly impressed on his mind with a specifick perspicuity of expression. In the other instance, he discovers heat, verbosity, declamation and superlatives, those trifling apologies for common sense. Every boy at the university may make proficiency in letters so far as to abuse the positive, comparative and superlative degrees, and make the pages of our daily papers give superlative evidence, that he does not understand the terms. Words are deemed of so much more consequence than ideas, that the reader, in such a mass of unintelligible stuff, may choose a meaning for himself; and if he can discover any, is almost morally certain of not missing the author's. Thus a language, allow-

ed by foreigners to be peculiarly copious and expressive, loses its pungency, when times and occasions demand it; and when events, on which the existence of our nation is dependent, are to be stated in terms correspondent to the magnitude of the event, the writer finds those terms already monopolized in the detail of some petty controversy between two individuals, both of whom perhaps are unworthy of publick notice. Nor does the evil stop here; the publick, so often alarmed by trifles, feel a kind of apathy for events of moment, and, when the pressure of the grievance is felt, wonder why they were never forewarned of its existence.

Our immediate business however is with those authors, who recommend an obs rvance of nature, as the standard of propriety in all compositions. No man writes according to nature, in a strict sense, who writes any thing worthy of being read. The ancient poets were licensed by the mythology of their times in a greater exercise of the marvellous, than can possibly be allowed of amongst moderns. To keep the attention ever on the alert, supernatural agency was employed; the deities of antiquity were infected with human passions, watching with anxiety the event of battles, and each in their respective provinces contributing their assistance. Christianity has of course almost become the death of the epick muse. The Being, whom we worship, is invested with such omnipotence, that the poet, who dares to enlist such an advocate on the side of his hero, sins almost as much against taste as against morals. Whatever difficulties may oppress him, the mind of the reader feels but little solicitude for the issue, when there is a power of extrication so tremendous in reserve.

Milton experienced the weight of this embarrassment, and has endeavoured to draw a veil over this part of the subject, as it were to screen from our minds the consciousness of the fact. Still the project on its first statement appears wild and chimerical: the attempt of an angel to usurp the throne of Heaven, with a full knowledge that the Being, with whom he is about to contend, is *omnipotent*, prevents that jeopardy of the mind for the issue, which the pagan poets excited. With all the assistance of Milton's imagination, no reader is for a moment deluded into the belief, that Satan can possibly accomplish his object. Even when this power is exerted by another person, the same difficulty occurs: when the Messiah rides forth to quell the rebellion, and commands the "uprooted hills to retire to their places," and they obey him, who doubts the issue of the combat? Milton, whose aim was to astonish by the aid of his overpowering fancy, found so little in nature to answer his purposes, that he soars above it, and introduces but two human personages in his Epick.

If this instance is thought to be an exception, let us descend to humbler scenes, and contemplate those writers whose professed design is to portray life and manners. The Vicar of Wakefield is known to every one, and the object of its author undoubtedly was to represent "fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness." Where shall we find in nature such a pattern of apostolick virtue, as the vicar himself; of female excellence, as Sophia; of manly disinterestedness and generosity, as Burchel; or of such knavish duplicity, as Jenkinson? Are not all the

characters beyond our observance, and is it not from that very cause, that they derive all their interest? It certainly is, and hence the common observation, that novels injure the female mind by leading it off from a contemplation of real life to scenes of imaginary existence. Thus while the critick celebrates the good Vicar, for his strict adherence to real life, the father condemns him from the society of his children, because he is not found in the company of flesh and blood.

Biography has been recommended by our Mentors, as a substitute, because there life is painted as it is, and the reader is made conversant with his own species. Let us examine, how far this remark is founded in justice. Are we perfectly sure, that the biographer adheres to an impartial summary of facts in the life of the person represented? No. It is the interest, and, we will add, the duty of the author, to throw out those traits of character only, which designate the man from ordinary men. If his stream of life murmurs with the insipid serenity of ordinary existence, it will pass like other tranquil streams unnoticed. How far his manners comport with those of other men, is never an object of inquiry: where it betrays other qualities, such as serve from their scarcity to excite our surprise, it is worthy of observation. Boswell, in his life of Johnson, undertook the accomplishment of a task superiour to his powers. He deemed him at all events a man resolutely to be admired, and without confining his admiration to those properties really worthy of it, esteems even his breeches a sainted relick. He attends him in all his haunts, whether to a church or to a tavern, acts as a perpetual spy upon his conversation and manners, and after his death exhibits him for our admiration on a close stool. That the doctor did eat, drink, and breathe, like ordinary men, no man but James Boswell ever thought of doubting; but we have the testimony of his page to assure us of the fact. When the bungling mechanick had large and massy materials furnished to his hands for the construction of a noble edifice, he uses them sparingly, and with preposterous ingenuity selects, and appropriates those only, which other workmen had thrown away. This is writing strictly according to nature.

Had James Boswell had genius enough to follow and imitate the idol of his veneration, he would have found in the life of Savage, a precedent worthy of his ambition. Johnson has there emblazoned the virtues of his hero, and found so many apologies for his vices, that he has made these two opposites of the human character equally fascinating to our minds. The former command our admiration and respect; the latter we pity and forgive. Still, amidst all these conflicting varieties of passion, traits of character, in spite of all the caution and prudence of Johnson, occasionally glimmer upon us, which shew too evidently, that nature and the biographer were constantly at variance. Had Burns found a Boswell, and Johnson a Currie, to record their actions for posterity, how very different would their characters have appeared to our eyes.

To write from nature must mean to write according to the precedent set by the example of it, which passes under ordinary observance. If this construction is denied, there is but one other and that is, we must study and adopt those aberrations nature delights in, and thus converting exceptions from the general rule

into a rule by itself. When once such eccentricities, either in the natural or the moral world, are made the standards of action, it is literally impossible to act or to write different from nature. She has occasionally given birth to monsters, and Ovid, according to this mode of argument, might cite authentick precedents for all the deformities of his page. This leads to such inevitable absurdity in every art, that the first principles and rudiments of it would be totally overthrown. The astronomer would be calculating, the appearance and departure of comets, and the painter would be distributing his lights and shadows in giving formation to the monster designed by Horace, in his "Arte Poetica." Thus, what of nature is fair and proportionate must be abandoned in our works, and a bedlamite must be the only proper judge of their execution. Arbitrary combination, either in painting or poetry, has no limits, as the caricaturist in either of these departments will testify upon oath.

Nature seems inexhaustible in her wonders, and when the vanity of the philosopher leads him to conjecture, that he has explained every department of her cabinet, she confounds him by the exposure of some unobserved novelty. Of this nature is the recent discovery of the junction of vegetable and animal life, in the island of Java. An animated leaf was found by a French naturalist on the body of a Manguestien tree.* It had all the properties of animal existence, receded when the hand approached it, and advanced to its former position, when that obstacle was withdrawn. It had eyes, feet and legs, discernable by a microscope, and in shape and colour resembled the leaf of the tree, from whence is was taken. It fed upon the Manguestien leaf, and lived forty days in the possession of the French naturalist on that substance. To shew that this is no fabrication designed to amuse the credulity of our readers, we will refer them for more explicit information to Dr. Woodward, of Baltimore, a man of honour and veracity, who observed this vegetable monster in the hands of the French naturalist.

Having dwelt so long on this subject, it now seems proper to prepare a more perspicuous substitute for that indefinable phrase, *nature*. The truth is, that between the grossness of vulgar life, and a perfectibility unattainable by mortals, there is a sort of fairy ground, or what may well be denominated a middle nature. It is an imaginary existence, found in the heads of our poets or our painters chiefly, in which mankind are sublimated from the feculencies of earth, and still not perfect enough to be candidates for heaven. In this visionary world events are at the disposal of the Power, which created it, and that is the fancy. In real life, we know not what futurity may bring forth; but in this transcript of it, future events are entirely at our disposal. When a man has contemplated a poem or a novel, he knows what difficulties his hero has to encounter, and whether he will be successful or unfortunate in the end. Care must be taken, in the construction of this visionary world, not to violate that species of probability, attached to the character represented. A man, whom we have created an hero, must not shrink in the

* The Manguestien is a beautiful aromatick tree in the island of Java, and held in high estimation for its fruit, which from its luscious ripeness is incapable of exportation.

hour of danger from an engagement, notwithstanding real life will afford abundant instances of that sort. The reader is prepared for surprise, when he opens the volume; he knows that he is not treading the ground he usually inhabits, and does not derive his standard of propriety from thence. He feels himself in a more exalted region, which, when it descends to a level with the earth, he calls a flat and insipid one. Recollecting the hero of the tale is a mortal still, and the mechanism of human hands, if angelick virtue be predicated of him, he declares that probability is violated. Whatever forms surrounding nature wears, calculated to excite interest in the feelings, may be safely transcribed for this new creation, provided they all preserve their identity throughout.

This middle ground is not created by caprice; it results from the defects observable in the works of ordinary nature. Wherever we discover deformity in alliance with beauty, fancy immediately suggests an amendment. A painter, for instance, whose pencil was employed in portraying the features of a fascinating face, would trespass on all propriety, if he should make a wart upon the nose the subject of his imitation. Nay, where the whole countenance is deformed, a graceful departure from the original is allowed, provided the main features retain their resemblance. This is identically the same principle, by the tacit consent of all ages allowed to the poet, the novelist, and even to the biographer in their respective departments. The pleasure we derive from the contemplation of a fine portrait is not from the bare recognition of the resemblance; it results more from that imperceptible variation, that gives interest to a face where nature has denied any.

Hence it appears, that a man who possesses no fancy can never be a man of taste. Accustomed to compare fact with fact, and making no allowance for any thing beyond, he looks on a painting and censures all such licence. Reading a novel or a poem, he encounters the same difficulty, because in both instances his standard of infallibility deserts him. This middle ground therefore, this delicate and judicious combination of fancy and fact, where each loses its identity, so as to appear a perfect whole, is what we mean by the term taste. Wherever the point of their union is discovered, the alliance seems forced and unnatural, and we pronounce the artist destitute of *taste*, or, in plainer dialect, of that skill to combine those two opposites, so as to fascinate us into the belief, that the representation is just.

Poetry is but a species of painting; the same images are raised in the mind by the disposition of words, as by the disposition of light and shadow. The "*licentia poetica*," or the liberty assumed by poetry to embellish fact, has been allowed in all ages, and is an express recognition of the existence of this wedlock between fancy and fact, falsely denominated to be the exclusive prerogative of the poet. The painter adopts the same mode, raises and rounds his figures beyond real life, and what was once the "licentia poetica," is now *the flattery of the pencil*. The novelist, and even the biographer, as we have seen, are allowed the self-same indulgence; fact is heightened by fancy, until a character flat and insipid is raised above the canvass of nature, and rendered interesting by the assistance of such imaginary attributes.

This superaddition of fancy, heretofore denominated the licentia poetica, and the flattery of the pen-

cil, now takes the name of *embellishment*. Thus we still recognize the features of our old acquaintance, whenever he is presented to us, who bears a resemblance to the character of Proteus only in his name. R.

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 35.

Who shall decide, when Doctors disagree?.....Pope.

The readers of the Remarker will gladly peruse, instead of his lucubrations, the following

LETTER TO THE REMARKER, No. 34.

Sir,

Whatever credit your defence of Gray may reflect on your talents, as a writer, it will never convince reasonable incredulity, that "he is one of those few poets, who, at every new reading, recompenses you double for every encomium, by disclosing some new charm of sentiment or of diction." I have perused and reperused him since the publication of your panegyrick, but I am still unable to discover those beauties, which seem to have charmed you. The result of repeated readings has more thoroughly convinced me of the justness of Johnson's criticism, whom you misrepresent, when you say, that 'he could find nothing in Collins, but clusters of consonants.' On the contrary, the Doctor affirms, that 'his poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire,' that 'his efforts produced, in happier moments, sublimity and splendour,' though he observes, at the same time, that 'his lines are commonly of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants.' This surely is very different from saying, as you assert, that he could find '*nothing* in Collins but clusters of consonants;' nor was it necessary, Sir, in praising Gray, to misrepresent Johnson.

Your remarks on the difference of taste in poetry are perfectly just, but your inference, 'if Pindar and Horace were poets, so was Gray too,' cannot be admitted, because the merit of the two former, consecrated by the applause of ages, has never been disputed, whilst the lyrick fame of the latter still remains unsettled in the minds of many competent judges. I might, with equal propriety affirm, if Dryden and Pope were poets, so is Humphreys too.

Your quotation from Horace will not prove Gray a poet; for though we grant, that he possesses the *os magna sonaturum* in common with Blackmore and many others, yet whether in lyrick poetry he has any claim to the *mens divinior*, is still the disputed point, which, with all your ingenuity, you have not settled to our satisfaction.

In reply to your authority from Burke, I will transcribe a sentence from the reviewer of his celebrated treatise, which you will find in the tenth volume of Johnson's works, by Hawkins, though the review has by

some, been attributed to Murphy. 'Obscurity,' our author observes, 'increases the sublime, which is certainly very just; but from *thence erroneously infers, that clearness of imagery is unnecessary to affect the passions. But surely nothing can move but what gives ideas to the mind.*'

If this remark be just, which I think cannot reasonably be disputed, all your defence of Gray's obscurity falls to the ground. If obscurity increases the sublime, it must be the obscurity arising from the ambiguous meaning of one or two expressions, where something is left to the imagination, not from a whole passage, which in that case would not be sublime but corrupt. The obscurest of all poets is Lycophron, but no critick has yet contended for his superiour sublimity. I know of no sublime passage in Homer, Virgil, or Milton, but what is perfectly intelligible, and scarcely a description which would not make a good picture. Indeed I lay it down as a general maxim, that WHATEVER IMAGERY A GOOD PAINTER CANNOT EXECUTE ON THE CANVASS, MUST NECESSARILY BE INCORRECT. If there be any exception to this rule, it can only be, where images are presented to the mind, which are not subjects of the eye, as the rattling of the quiver on the shoulders of Apollo, on his march to avenge his insulted priest,

Ἐκλάγξαν δ' ἄρ οἰϊστοὶ ἐπ' ὤμων χωομένοιο,
Αὐτῷ κινηθέντ[ος].

I do not recollect, Sir, any ode, either in Pindar or Horace, which is not perfectly clear, with the exception of a few passages, where the obscurity may arise from our imperfect knowledge of the language, or from the carelessness of transcribers. But Gray, in those odes which you think sublime, is perpetually obscure, and even should you find his meaning, I am far from certain that it will repay the labour of the search. I should be glad to know what is the meaning of the *purple light of love*, in the passage, which you quote with so much delight and enthusiasm? The Greek poet, from whom he borrows, says intelligibly enough, *The light of love shines on her purple cheeks*- But Gray, determined to write like no one but himself, transfers the epithet 'purple' from the cheeks, to which it was appropriate, to love, which almost any other epithet would have suited as well. And this is the man, who, you would persuade us, is distinguished for the astonishing force and beauty of his epithets.

In his 'Ode for Musick' (an odd title by the way) he has these lines:

> And thus they speak in soft accord
> The *liquid* language of the skies.

Now I should be happy if you would inform me, in what consists the *astonishing force and beauty* of this epithet? If he had written 'the language of the liquid skies,' we might have supposed that he meant thunder in fine weather. But, I presume, the beauty of this epithet arises from that inimitable obscurity, which is the great source of Gray's sublimity.

I equally dissent from you, as to the unrivalled power of his numbers. What do you think of such numbers as these?

> What cat's averse to fish?
> Let us go, let us fly!
> She tumbled headlong in.

In *unrivalled* numbers, we might reasonably expect correct rhymes.

But even of this mechanical excellence Gray cannot boast, his inaccuracy is aggravated by the extreme brevity of his performances. If you run your eye along his first odes, you will find *stretch* and *beech*, *noon* and *sun*, *low* and *thou*, *flown* and *gone*, *declared* and *beard*, *between* and *in*, *flood* and *God*, *towers* and *adores*, *wave* and *cleave*, *bent* and *constraint*, *descry* and *joy*, *doom* and *come*, *train* and *men*, *paradise* and *bliss*, *fly* and *joy*, *heard* and *clad*.

Would a poet, unrivalled in the power of his numbers, employ so low a word as *take* in the following line ?

A thousand rills their mazy progress *take*.

Or the word *goes* in this line of the Bard ?

In gallant trim the gilded vessel *goes*.

The third stanza of the ode on the ' Progress of Poesy,' to the musical structure of which, you say that there is nothing in the whole compass of English versification to be compared, is, to my ear, degraded by its double rhymes to the language of a ballad-monger. I will take the liberty of quoting the passage :

Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now ? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the *azure deep* of air.

Now, Sir, these lines, in my judgment, are far beneath the dignity of lyrick poetry, and much in the style of

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer.

Cupid wave thy purple pinion.

The *azure deep of air* is one of those sublime obscurities, I suppose, which *overpower* the admirers of Gray *with the blaze of embellishment*, but which fifty interpreters would probably explain each in a different manner.

The successful manner in which he has lately been imitated, is a sufficient proof, that there is little difficulty in writing like Gray. The ode on Summer, published in the last Sylva, is superiour to Gray's on the Spring, and, without borrowing a thought or expression from him, exhibits all his peculiarities, his quaintness of epithet, his affected alliterations, and the general glitter and tinsel of his style. I hope that the same gentleman will shortly gratify the publick by imitations of the sublime obscurities of the ' Progress of Poesy' and ' the Bard,' and then the admirers of Gray, if not silenced, must at least submit to be laughed at. But let the same person attempt to imitate Horace, or Dryden, or any writer distinguished by classick simplicity, (from which no one can be more distant than Gray) and he will find it no easy task. The lyrick fame of Gray, like the epick reputation of Ossian, will probably continue to obtain a '*divided suffrage ;*' and those who feel no enthusiasm in reading his odes, but are disgusted with his affected refinements, his studied obscurity, and his trite morality, will endeavour to bear the imputation of *ignorance* and *envy*, rather than sacrifice their judgment to the whimsical enthusiasm of his admirerers. The authority of Warton, who wrote a long essay to prove, that Pope was no poet, and of Gilbert Wakefield, who affirms, that David Hume could not write prose, can have weight only with the incorrigible admirers of Gray ; whilst those, who question his lyrick superiority, and deny that

the mantle either of Pindar or of Horace graces his shoulders, feel justified in their opinions, by the superiour authority of the mighty Johnson. 'These odes (says the doctor) are marked by glittering accumulations of ungraceful ornaments. They strike rather than please. The images are magnified by affectation; the language is laboured into harshness. The mind of the writer seems to work with unnatural violence, *Double, double, toil and trouble.* His art and his struggle are too visible, and there is too little appearance of ease and nature.'

Sincerely wishing that you will, in future, employ your acknowledged talents as a writer more usefully, than in the defence of absurdity,

I remain, Sir,

With due respect, &c. &c.

AN ADMIRER OF SIMPLICITY.

MRS. MONTAGU'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH LORD KAMES.

Three Letters from MRS. MONTAGU *to* LORD KAMES.

I. *Anticipates a Visit to Blair Drummond.*

Sandleford, August 28, 1772.

MY LORD,

As next summer and Blair Drummond are at a great distance, it is happy for me that I have a rapid imagination, which whirls through space and time faster than the fiery-footed steeds of Phœbus, whose progress may be marked by shadows and counted by clocks. I am come; I am arrived; I am actually at Blair-Drummond; I am sitting by your Lordship on the seat you marked with my name. The river is fretting over the pebbles, or foaming among the rocks; just as we human creatures are fretfully and peevishly murmuring at the little impediments, or raging and storming at the great obstacles that thwart us in the progress of life. I see Ben-Lomond lift his scornful brow, frowning with proud disdain on the vainly emulating hills, and humble unaspiring vales beneath him; just emblem of human greatness, human power! Thou sendest forth the eagle and the vulture, and many a beast and bird of prey upon thy humble subjects: and shall the barren top of the hill of storms, which hurls the shivered rock, or rolls the cataract upon the fertile valley, boast of its pernicious eminence, and scorn what lies in the better mean? Let us then turn to the village Lord Kames has built. I hear the hammer of the artificers, the wheel of spinsters, the voice of mirth, the play of children, the social greetings of friendly neighbours.——Proud castle! did sounds so cheerful echo through your walls, when the Regent kept his state there? No. Envy and jealousy ran in whispers through the rooms of state: drunken riot roared in the hall; party and faction clamoured at the gate. What then is suggested from the prospect around us, but that the present state of Scotland is far happier than the former? that it is well the Highlander is come down from his forts and fastnesses, the mountains and rocks to beat his broad-sword into ploughshares, and to cultivate instead of plunder the valleys. But best of all, that the barbarian Chieftain has left the

castle, where tyranny and oppression were protected, to give place to a milder Lord, who wields the sceptre of justice, instead of the iron rod of power.

Now that we are returned from our walk, I wish my imagination could farther represent to me the chapter of your book, which I know your Lordship would read to me on such an occasion. I have not, alas, the elements of which this book will be made; learning and wit, the foundation on which the structure will be raised. I can only build castles in the air. I cannot therefore at all substitute my empty visions in lieu of it. Finish your work; publish, and put the world in possession of it. Till then I am uneasy and impatient.———I inclose this to our friend Dr. Gregory, &c.

ELIZ. MONTAGU.

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II. FROM THE SAME.

On the Death of LORD LYTTELTON.

Sandleford, October 27, 1773.

MY LORD,

WITH the History of Man, I dare say your Lordship has *(con amore)* written the History of Woman. I beg, that, in specifying their characters you would take notice, that time and separation do not operate on the female heart as on the male. We need not go back so far as the time of Ulysses and Penelope to prove this. We may pass over the instances of his dalliance with the sole suitor that addressed to him, the lovely Calypso; and the constant Penelope's continued disdain of the whole herd of her pertinacious wooers. The more near and recent an example is the better; so, my Lord, we will take our own. You feel, you say, when you take up your pen to write to me, the same formality as on our first acquaintance; I on the contrary, find my confidence in you has had time to take root. A long winter, dreary seasons, cannot blast or wither it; under its shadow I am protected from any apprehensions from your genius and learning. You appear to me in no character but that of my friend,—the sacred character of my old friend. The years of absence, the months of vacation in our correspondence, come into the account; for I remembered you, when I did not hear from you; I thought of you, when I did not see you; esteem nursed by faithful remembrance, grew up *sans* intermission: I am most sincerely rejoiced that your Lordship has completed your great work: may you long enjoy your fame; and may you see mankind derive advantage as well as pleasure from your work! The more Man understands himself, the less averse he will be to those Divine and human laws that restrain his licentious appetites. It is from ignorance of his nature he misapprehends his interest; not comprehending how he is made, he disputes the will of his Maker. I am impatient for the publication of your book, and hope your printer will make all possible haste to indulge us with it. I rejoice that it has pleased God to give you life and health to finish this great work; and I flatter myself, that, though you may not again embark in so great an undertaking, so able a pen will not be consigned to indolent repose. As to my poor goose quill, it is not much to be regretted, that probably it will scribble no more. I have neither the force of good health, nor the presumption of good spirits left to animate me; without the energy of great talents, these are necessary to the task of undertaking something for the publick. I have been

for many months teased with a slow fever; and the loss of my excellent friend has cast a cloud over my mind. I remember Sir William Temple says, in one of his Essays, that when he recollects how many excellent men and amiable women of his acquaintance have died before him, he is ashamed to be alive. With much more reason than Sir William Temple, whose merit I dare say was equal at least to that of any of the friends he survived, I feel this very strongly. I have lived in the most intimate connexion with some persons of the highest characters in this age; they are gone and I remain: all that adorned me is taken away, and only a cypress wreath remains. I used to borrow some lustre from them, but now I seem respectable (even in my own eyes) only as the mourner of departed merit. I agree with your Lordship, that I ought not to lament the death of Lord Lyttelton on his account: his virtue could not have been more perfect in this mortal state, nor his character greater, than it was with all those whose praise could be an object to a wise and worthy man. He now reaps the full reward of those virtues, which here, though they gave him a tranquil cheerfulness amidst many vexations, and the sufferings of sickness, yet could not bring a perfect calm to the wounds his paternal affection suffered. When I consider how unhappy his former, how blessed his present condition, I am ashamed to lament him: the world has lost the best example, modest merit the most zealous protector, mankind its gentlest friend: my loss is unspeakable; but as the friendship of so excellent a man is the best gift of God, and I am sensible I was never deserving of so great a blessing, I ought rather to offer thanks it was bestowed, than repine it was taken away; and only to beg, that by the remembrance of his precepts and example, I may derive the same helps to doing my duty in all the relations of life, and social engagements, as I did from his advice. But virtue never speaks with such persuasion as when she borrows the accents of a friend. Moreover, my time in this world will probably be very short; and if it were long, I could not forget to admire so admirable a pattern of goodness. I ever am, my Lord, &c. &c.

ELIZ. MONTAGU.

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III. FROM THE SAME.

On a Domestick Event: and on Religious Education.

[Written within a few weeks of the death of Lord Kames.]

Portman Square, Nov. 12, 1782.

MY LORD,

I cannot wait till I have conferred with the grave Bench of Bishops on the doctrine of your letter, to return my warmest thanks for the kind and friendly sentiments it expresses for me, and the good domestick news which it communicates.

Mr. Drummond Home's excellent choice is an event of the highest importance to your happiness, as well as his own. I have long been solicitous, that a name to which you have given celebrity, a noble estate you have improved, and a charming place you have embellished, should be transmitted to your posterity. This wish was made of the common stuff, the hardware of this world: ambition, and the love of fame, &c. you may see, furnished, and fashioned it. By the account your Lordship and others have given me of your new connexion, many softer and sweeter blessings will flow from that alliance. She will embellish your society, and enliven your hours

of retirement. When your are all well and in good spirits, she will add to your gaiety and pleasure: in the hours of sickness, she will alleviate pain by tender attentions. My amiable Miss G———— has made me know how much pleasure and comfort may be derived from a near connexion with a person, who adds to the various *agrémens* of youth, the discretion, and sober, and solid merit of a mature character. The seasons of life have been often compared to the seasons of the year, and each have their comforts. I think the calm autumn of life, as well as of the year, has many advantages. Both have a peculiar serenity, a gentle tranquillity. We are less busy and agitated, because the hopes of the spring, and the vivid delights of the summer, are over; but these tranquil seasons have their appropriate enjoyments; and a well regulated mind sees every thing beautiful that is in the order of nature.

I hope your Lordship received my acknowledgements and thanks for your excellent sentiments on religious education. To errours, defects, and faults, in the first training up, we may often ascribe the irreligion of many persons; for, philosophically speaking, man is a religious animal. Sensible of his weakness, he is ever desirous of obtaining the assistance of a superiour Being. The most ignorant are sensible, that great power and intelligence must have combined to form all they see in the creation: they wish for the protection and favour of this Great Being. Man must be much perverted, before he can wish to disbelieve a God and providence. His interest must be misrepresented to him, or he would never reject the means offered by Divine Revelation to make the Omnipotent his friend. The unsophisticated man is never an atheist. But when either erroneous impressions have been made upon the youthful mind, as where the Deity has been held forth as a wrathful being, clothed in terrours; or where he has observed, that those with whom he has lived, have not acted with any reference to a Superiour Power, he is easily made the disciple of those who call themselves Freethinkers.

Our Bishops are now in their dioceses. When they return to town, I will not fail to communicate what you sent me. I cannot imagine it is calculated to give the slightest offence. Beyond the regions of human knowledge, human authority cannot form establishments of doctrine.

I shall always be glad to find excuses to write to you. I passed the summer in Berkshire, but removed to London the first week in November. No augur ever paid more regard to the flight of birds than I do. I take a hint from the swallows to leave the country. To what region they repair, I do not know enough of their constitutions and taste to say; but I will pronounce, that for a human creature, of flimsy materials of mind and body, a capital city is the best situation. The weather has less power there; the blank and silence of the vegetable and animal world is less perceived, and there are great resources in society to prevent our feeling our own insignificance and weakness. My new house affords me many comforts; but it has lost at present its best ornament. My amiable Miss G——— is now making a visit to her family at Edinburgh; but I flatter myself she will return to me some time in the next month. In the mean while I reflect with satisfaction on the happiness she is enjoying in her friends and they in her. My best and most affectionate regards attend all at Blair-Drummond. And I am, with the greatest esteem, &c.

ELIZ. MONTAGU.

For the Anthology.

CHARACTER OF THE HON. FISHER AMES.

[The Honourable Fisher Ames, the ornament of the bar, the delight of his friends, and the boast of his country, died at the early age of fifty years, on the fourth day of July last, the anniversary of American Independence, which he had spent his life to support and perpetuate. The following character from one, who knew him well, will be read as the tribute of justice rather than the fond exaggeration of eulogy. Ed. Anth.]

To say that Mr. Ames was a great and good man, though rarely said with more justice, is not sufficiently discriminative. The greatness of his mind has such distinguishing lines, such peculiar features, as form a very distinct, individual picture.

Few men, in this, or any country, have possessed what may be truly called genius, in a more eminent degree than Mr. Ames. If we regard his understanding, so acute and profound does it appear, that it would seem nature had intended him for a logician: if we regard his imagination, it would seem that nature had intended him for a poet, so ductile, so excursive, so brilliant does it appear. He was indeed both, for there was no subject so complex, or subtle that he could not comprehend, analyze and embellish it. His thoughts were ingenious, original and profound; now abounding with points and contrasts, now sportively diffused, and now vigorously condensed. In his use of figurative language, there was sometimes such a brilliancy of colouring, such an excess of light, as almost to confuse ordinary perceptions. Hence it sometimes happened, that he was regarded as a man of fine imagination merely, when in truth, the imagery, that excited so much admiration, was not mere decoration, but pictured the sentiment and thought itself. Such was the versatility of his mind, that he could, and often did, when the occasion required it, reason in a close and dry manner; but his arguments were more frequently attended with such vivid illustrations, as to take away the impression of a logical deduction, though they displayed all its truth and certainty.

So copious was his mind, that his thoughts flowed like a perennial spring, always full, always pressing for utterance; such the multitude of his ideas, that no variety of discussion seemed to diminish them; and so rapid were his associations, that to some he appeared to wander from his subject, while he was only placing it in new lights, or pursuing it in a new manner.

His knowledge of human nature was so thorough, that, like Shakespeare, he needed not to consult it "through the spectacles of books." His knowledge of books, however, was very general, and his acquaintance with history, in particular, was minute and extensive; yet his learning rarely ever appeared as such, so

incorporated was it with his habits of thinking, so subservient at all times to his purpose, that it seemed to spring spontaneously from his mind to give authority to sentiments. Thus gifted by nature, and thus furnished with knowledge, politicks, so complex, so refined, and yet so interesting, almost absorbed those faculties, that, employed in any work of ethicks or general literature, would have given him a preeminent name. The causes and consequences of revolutions, the principles on which free governments can be supported, the nature and kind of those dangers, to which they are exposed from within and without, were often the theme of his discourse, and often employed his pen. The combined and multiform operations of the interests and passions of men in states, or of governments in the more extended circle of coalitions were equally within the reach of his comprehensive and perspicacious mind. Hence many of his political speculations on the passing events of his own and other countries have all the authority of predictions fulfilled, and now fulfilling.

His imagination was that faculty of his mind, which excited most surprise. It appeared to be an attending spirit, that accompanied and assisted in the operations of his intellect ; sometimes assembling the most pleasing images, from nature and art, and spreading over them all the colours of heaven ; at others, rising in the storm, wielding the elements, or flashing with the most awful splendours.

It has been often said, that genius is allied to that eccentrick and wayward conduct, to those vices and imperfections, which spring from strong passions and quick sensibilities ; and many are disposed to claim exemption for it from the observance of the sober duties, the ordinary virtues and customary forms of life. But who, let me ask, ever more strongly felt the inspirations of genius than Mr. Ames ? Yet who was more temperate, moral or stable in his habits ? Or who possessed a truer discernment of all the proprieties of polished life, or observed them with more unaffected ease ?

Non vixit sibi—was never more truly applied, for he was a patriot in truth and in deed. Patriotism had its seat in his heart, and to use his own language, was " twisted into its minutest filaments." It was in him a virtue of the highest order ; it was almost exalted into piety ; it had all the ardour, which inflamed the best men of Greece or Rome, tempered and guided by the solid convictions of a christian. It forsook him only with his life. It is not for me to speak of his disinterested zeal, the long continued labours of his pen ; these I trust will appear in due season, the just pride of his country, and his own best eulogy. The loss of such a man, in any times, and especially in such as the present, cannot easily be calculated. The impulse he gave to publick opinion, the light he imparted to it, by his speeches, his writings, and his conversations, extended like circles on the smooth surface of the water far beyond our sight, and continued long after the cause had ceased to operate. Who or what can fill the chasm his death has made ?

Alas, our hopes seem buried with him in the tomb ! In vain our sorrows linger there. The lustre of his eye that once shone the clear mirrour of his fervid mind is obscured ! That eloquence which once carried dismay and trembling through the ranks of opposition is dumb forever !

That vigorous and pervading mind, that so often displayed our dangers and their remedies, is gone into another state of being; but we thank God, that such monuments of its wisdom remain to direct us in the right course, and that such an example is left us to pursue it. That luminary, which so often threw its beams across the darkness and confusion of the publick mind, has gradually and serenely sunk from our sight to appear in another hemisphere arrayed in new splendours.

In his conversation and manners there was something so sincere, so frank, so affable, and so cheerful, that his political enemies, and he had no others, were conciliated into a regard for the man; but when he appeared among his friends and acquaintance, they felt an elevation of sentiment, a serene delight, like what would be experienced if a superiour intelligence should visit us, on some errand of good will. His wit was brilliant and almost incessant, but it never made one "honest man his foe." Assured of his delicate regard to the feelings of others, we could behold the play of his fancy and wit without uneasiness; for in his most relaxed moments he seemed to have some object of utility in view. Few, very few "idle words" escaped his lips, and we can with equal truth and consolation say, that his "ten talents were well employed."

I cannot dwell on the unobserved offices of his friendly heart, on his private and domestick virtues; there was something in them so pure, so elevated, and so tender that those, who have never known or felt them, cannot be made to understand them, and those, who have, cherish their memory with something of a sacred regard.

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 42.

. . . . "Silva subest bicoloribus obsita buccis."

"Let's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs."

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

THIS elegant poem has scarcely received, till of late, its due applause. Unsupported by the influence of a titled author, and hardly sufficient in itself to assume the guise of an independent volume, it has mounted into notice by the slow operation of simple merit. It is distinguished by qualities, which were once the boast of English authors in prose and in verse, though later writers have neglected to imitate, while they cannot cease to admire them. These qualities are strength of thought, and bold, masculine expression. Of all the English writers who have imitated Shakspeare, Blair's style approaches nearest to that noble model; and the reason doubtless is, that their powers of mind were similar, not that his attention and servility were superiour to all his competitors. In several places we observe a coincidence in expression, or

thought with Shakspeare, though we could almost swear that both were original. As the following :

> ..... Then all was well,
> Sound was the body, and the soul serene,
> Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
> That play their several parts.

> *Opb.* And I the most unhappy of all ladies—
> Now to behold that brilliant understanding,
> Like sweet bells jangled, lost, and out of tune. HAMLET.

These coincidencies are casual, but in general, as has been well observed, Blair wrote, not exactly as Shakspeare has written, but as he would have written on the same subject. His poem is short, and therefore did not admit of a very methodical plan. We may observe, however, that, beginning with the description of his immediate subject, the Grave, with all its sombre pomp and circumstance, he is led to lament the separations it occasions, to paint the sorrows of parted love, and to recal with pathetick enthusiasm the delights of former friendship. Then launching forth into a description of the triumphs of Death, he shows how little all our best perfections avail against his power, and describes the various classes, who have been compelled to submit to his order. The natural succession of thought in a christian mind suggests the sweet consolation of a future existence, and gives a joyful conclusion to his sombre poem. This plan affords sufficient regularity to the arrangement, and assigns a sufficiently definite place to every description.

The qualities of Blair's style, as was observed above, are strength and boldness : compare it with that of Young, whose subject led him over the same region of thought, and the difference may be seen between nervous simplicity, and harsh conciseness and often swelling obscurity. The aim of Young and of Blair was probably the same, and no two authors can more fairly be put in comparison ; but the single jewel of the latter has more increased the treasures of poetry, than the overflowing coffers of the former with all their riches ; for rich they undoubtedly are in valuable thought, in elegant illustration, and often in the best style of nervous conciseness.

There is in some authors a felicity of expression, that art can never acquire, and which, if not immediately natural, must be the fruit of an exquisite quickness, and delicacy of taste. This felicity has been applauded in Horace : it has been often remarked, and as often denied in Gray. None however ever refused the praise of it to Shakspeare, and impartial posterity will be equally unanimous in allowing it to Blair. In criticism assertion is nothing without example, but, unless I am much deceived, the following expressions, among many others, are sufficient proofs.

> Dark night,
> Dark as was Chaos, ere the infant sun
> Was rolled together, or had tried his beams
> Athwart the gloom profound.—

> Who made even thicklipped, musing Melancholy
> To gather up her face into a smile,
> Before she was aware.—

And the following at once of felicity and tenderness ;

> There the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
> The tell tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
> Time out of mind the favourite seats of love,

Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue.—

Tenderness is a quality, that distinguishes many passages of this poem, a tenderness very different from childish affectation of sensibility, and which lies more in circumstance, than in sentiment. In this particular also he comes in competition with Young, and with Young in his strongest quarter. The third night is full of pathetick sentiments, and they have little affectation about them, for they come from the heart. It would be wrong perhaps to say, that Blair has in any part exceeded them; "non nostrum tantas componere lites."

Perhaps it is fortunate for the reputation of Blair, that his writings were not numerous. One only he added to "the Grave," and that gives no increase to his poetical reputation. This however is enough to establish his glory. His poem has already inserted him among the bards of honoured name, and, if I may be allowed the use of one of Shakspeare's worst puns, if we could take a glance at posterity some fifty years hence, we should find them all "Grave" men.

.....

EPITAPHS.

— "Mea molliter ossa quiescant,
"Sint modo carminibus non onerata malis."

An epitaph is perhaps the most difficult composition, that human ingenuity ever contrived; at least that conclusion seems to follow from the immense number, that have been attempted, and the very few attempts that have been successful. Scarce a human being can quit the stage of action, but either respect for his memory, or gratitude for his kindness, or interested expectations from his surviving relations, or a want of some better subject plunges some misguided pen into the mist of panegyrick. The prolixity and dulness of these performances have at length become so disgusting to the publick, that they seem with one accord to have lifted up their voice in favour of a more than laconick brevity, and we hear "Alas, poor Yorick!" and "O rare Ben Johnson" cited as the ultimata of perfection. Epitaphs have been often made the vehicle of humour and satire, for it is found by experience much more easy to sport on delicate points with the dead, than with the living. An epitaph too is a convenient form for introducing a stroke of satire, as its nature excludes the necessity of inventing an introduction, and awkwardly tacking a quaint witticism to a stale incident. "Hic jacet" brings the writer at once to his subject. This convenience has not passed unobserved the noble army of poets; insomuch that, to save the labor of invention, they have often made use of something like what are called law fictions, and though the subject may be very quietly enjoying the comforts of life, by simply supposing his death, burial and a tombstone, they have a fair passage to his character through the medium of an epitaph. It has been a fancy with some to write their own epitaphs, and if that were any security from the "onus carminum malorum," the expedient would be worth consideration. The publick however would be no great gainers by the exchange, for, generally speaking, a man will say as civil, and as dull things of himself, as any body else will say for him. We have all heard of the epitaph on the Provost of Dundee by his three executors, the

following is a much more indecorous attempt from the same motive. The Abbe de la Riviere, a French ecclesiastick of the sixteenth century, left twenty crowns to any one, that would write his epitaph: an unlucky wag produced the following:

Ci gît un très grand personnage,
Qui fut d'un illustre lignage;
Qui posseda mille vertus,
Qui ne trompa jamais, qui fut toujours
fort sage—
Je n'en dirai pas davantage,
C'est trop menter pour vingt écus.

In Petrarch's epitaph on his Laura we discern considerable delicacy, but, at the same time, a mind sufficiently at ease to sport with the double meaning of his fair one's name:

Qui reposan quei caste e felici ossa,
De quell' alma gentile, e sola in terra;
Aspro e dur sasso! hor ben teco hai
soltera
El vero honor, la fama, e belta scossa.
Morte ha del verde Lauro svelta e smossa
Fresca radici; e il premio de mi guerra
De quattro lustri, e piu (s' ancor non erra
Mio pensier tristo) e' l chiude in poca
fossa.
Felice pianta in borgo d' Avignone
Nacque e mori; e qui con ella giace
La penna e' l stil, l' inchiostro e la
ragione.
O delicati membri, o viva face,
Ch'ancor me cuoggi, e struggi; in
ginocchione
Ciascun preghi il Signor t' acetti in pace.

TRANSLATION

Here rest its chaste and sad remains,
A purer soul than earth could boast;
Rude rock, within thy opening veins
Fair fame and smiling love were lost.

The verdant Laurel wither'd lies,
Its root uptorn, its branches sere;
Thus fades the long expected prize,
The cherished hope of many a year.

Fair plant, in fields of Avignon
That rose so fresh, so soon that fell,
With thee the poet's art is gone,
And gone the lyre's enchanting swell.

O lovely limbs! O beauteous face!
Whose tender thought recals my woes;
Full many a prayer for heavenly grace
Shall waft the soul to long repose.

.....

CIS-ATLANTICK ANOMALIES.

The following letter contains a curious specimen of *Americanisms*, as all the word in Italicks are peculiar to our country, or employed in a different sense from what they would convey in pure English.

Dear Sir,

When you come to town, I shall be *happy to wait on you* at my house. I am sorry to inform you, that the store, you desired me to engage, is *improved* by another tenant, the owner having *misremembered* my application in your favour. You will, however, find no difficulty in suiting yourself, as rents are not likely to *appreciate* during the embargo. Our *caucus* terminated in a town-meeting, in which a petition to the President to remove it was ably *advocated* by our best speakers, and a committee of our most approved *composuists* were appointed to draught the petition. You will be so good as to let me know where your friend *keeps*, when he comes to town, as I was not at home *to wait on him*, when he called.

We had a *nice time* last night at club, though we were rather *slim* in the article of wine. Some of your good old Madeira would have been a considerable *addition* to the pleasure of our entertainment. I must beg you to engage your correspondent to send me a pipe, though I can *illy* afford it, if business should thus continue *slack*. May kind providence *succeed* our petition, and may the spirit of an opprest people *progress*, till the *governmental* sages of our country discover their errour, and redress our grievances. I have

secured the *span* of horses you requested me to purchase for you, though I am afraid you will find them too spirited, since one of them yesterday broke the *whiffletree* of the *shay*, as I was driving him out of town. I am sorry to hear of the mischief done in your neighbourhood by the late *freshet*, which I understand has overflowed a great deal of valuable *intervale* and drowned your *hogreef*. Your son continues to *conduct well*, is a great *applicant*, and tells me, that he shall go into Virgil before the next *congressional* meeting. Lest this letter should grow too *lengthy*, I hasten to conclude by assuring you that I am, &c.

A. Z.

.....

SPAIN.

When a great people, to borrow the words used in a late publick debate by an accomplished orator and statesman, "rises like Spain in the tremendous majesty of its strength," and loosing itself from the toils and shackles of foreign usurpation, dares to think and to act for itself, it is hardly possible for an American to restrain from revelling in full and almost wanton indulgence those generous sentiments and sympathies, which are justly ranked among the highest and most sacred principles of human opinion and conduct. To that once proud and powerful nation, which is at this moment struggling, and perhaps by its last efforts struggling to rescue itself from a tyrannical domination, the circles of whose vortex are every day sweeping to a wider sphere, and whirling with a swifter speed, and attracting and devouring by a stronger and a more resistless force, and in a deeper and a more insatiable gulph; to Spain, the first to acknowledge the independence of the United States of America, and the first, as we humbly hope in God, to vindicate its own unalienable sovereignty from the unnatural wardship imposed by the self-appointed guardian of Europe, we most heartily wish success.

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.

.....

"RIDE, SI SAPIS."

In this laconick admonition, I am inclined to think, that more is meant than at first meets the ear. Laugh, if you are wise, is to be sure good and seasonable advice; but it is much more important, if we understand it to be intended exclusively, that sapience should be a condition of laughter; and that the opposite of this sentence should be equally true, Laugh not, if you are not wise; "For as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool." If mankind are to be divided into two classes, those that laugh, and those that are laughed at, the precept of the Roman moralist ought to be strictly observed in the distribution of the respective parties; wisdom ought to be considered the essential requisite for the exertion of that noble power, that distinguishes man from the brutes. Among many reasons, that could be given for this arrangement, is that obvious one, that none but a wise man can know how, when, and where to laugh. Laughter is a powerful instrument, and, like other powerful instruments, should be managed with great judgment. By simply laughing in the right place, many a man has secured to himself the reputation of being excellent company, without a single other pretension to sociability. Subriculus, on the contrary, is one, that by merely exhibit-

ing too often, and in wrong places, his pretensions to the class of laughers, has fairly ranked himself among the laughed at. He was naturally of an easy disposition, somewhat akin to those hearers of the bagpipe, mentioned by Shakespeare:

> That cannot contain their water for affection :

and spending the first part of his life in a low rural situation, he contracted a sort of rusticity, that, combining with his natural pliancy and goodnature, made him at once anxious to please, and diffident of his powers for that object. Whenever therefore any one begins to speak in the company of Subriculus, his ruddy countenance immediately assumes a sort of miscellaneous smile, which he can afterwards accommodate to the observation of the speaker, and which is too often the signal for a general acknowledgment by all present of his claims to the second division of mankind.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

MAGI GOTAMENSES.

Carmen heroicum variorum annotationibus illustratum.

" Three wise of Gotham
" Went to sea in a bowl.
" If the bowl had been stronger,
" My song had been longer."

Bella, magosque cano, et sævis metuenda periclis
Æquora, tumque hyemem, paterisque invisa rotundis
Saxa, et naufragium, vitas undâque relictas.
Solis ad occasum, pelagique in fine suprema,
Insula opima jacet, quondam super æthera nota,
Gotama ; terrarum quâ non præstantior ulla,
Hesperidumve horti, aut spirantia, gelida Tempe,
Nota aut philosophis tellus nunc atque poetis,

1. *Bella.*] Neptunum inter et magos. Alii corruptè legunt *bowla.*

2. *paterisque invisa, &c.*] Quia in saxa sæpe pateræ franguntur. De naturâ pateræ vide. *v.* 26.

6. *Gotama.*] De situ hujus insulæ acerrimè inter se jurgant annotatores. Asserunt alii, insulam quandam barbaricâm nomine *Owhyhee* indicatam esse. Alii *Lilliputiam* fuisse censent, quia patera parva tres homines continuit. Innuit vir doctissimus spectatissimusque *T. Mc'Fungus* non insulam, sed partem continentis occidentalis locum fuisse. Hujus argumenta colentium indole deducuntur.

8. *philosophis.*] Vocis hujusque syllaba prima necessariò per diastolen longa fit.

Ranæ ubi montes cornutæ pascuntur amaros.
Hic nulla infidos agitat discordia cives,
Pace et perpetuâ, vitâque fruuntur inani.
  Grandævos annis habuit tres insula patres,
Lento qui populos jam tum ditione premebant.
Temporis e fastis horum jam nomina desunt,
Sed restat virtutis fama, atque inclyta facta ;
Nam dicunt magices infandis artibus uti
Nôsse, et carminibus rerum mutare figuras.
Quinetiam Neptunum aggressi imparibus armis,
Ausi sunt avidi vitas pro laude pacisci,
Quæ narrare, Deæ, vobis est sola potestas.
  Jam, sole exorto, fugiebant ætheris umbræ,
Per cælum atque dies almâ cum luce refulsit.
Excussi somno haud segnes, torisque resurgunt,
Spes Gotamæ, magi, et altum turbidum arare parati,
Asperaque infaustis tentaturi æquora remis.
Adstabat patera alta, decus quam surgere mensis,
Fecerat ingenti terrenam figulus arte,
Ansamque haud tales agitans adjunxerat usus,
Istam carminibus tum versatam atque venenis,
Mirandum! navis condemnant munere fungi.
Non quidem, ut perhibent, ignotas quærere terras
Amor erat, veteremve natandi explodere morem ;
Sed pontum sævis, infandum ! incendere flammis
Vi magicâ, et sicco Neptunum excludere mundo.
Jam pelagus tenuit cymba, et, mirabile dictu,
Alta superlabens divisis cernitur undis.
Undique littora jam cives complent Gotamenses,
Optant et Depânautis, frustra heu ! longe salutem.
Tum vero expansis pendentes desuper undis

---

9. *montes pascuntur amaros.*] Id est salsos, non sale communi, sed sale amaro sive cathartico, ut homines et reptilia medicinam pro victu carpere possunt.

12. *Grandævos annis.*] Alii legunt "Grandævos peccatis ;" constructio fædissima, quæ pariter a versu et sensu omnino abhorret.

20. *Deæ.*] Sive Furiæ, sive Parcæ, sive fortasse Camænæ.

26. *Adstabat patera.*] Patera vocata est, quia patet. De natura et forma hujus vasis crebra fuit disputatio. Scaliger vas mulctrale fuisse censet, quod ansam habet ; interpretatio nequissima, et damnatione æterna dignissima ; quis enim ignorat mulctrale ligneum esse, et igitur neque terrenum, neque figuli opus.— Melius existimat vir doct. et spectat. *Titus Mc'Fungus* naviculam indicatam esse, Anglice *a gun boat*, nautas autem non magos, sed philosophos fuisse. Mihi vero, re cura ingenti examinatâ, denique statutum est, nihil aliud vasis ab auctore indicari, quam vas necessarium, apud Græcos λάσανον, apud Gallos autem *pot de chambre* nominatum. Hoc enim et terrenum est, et ansam habet, cui gubernaculum affigi facillimè possit.

33. *Sed pontum sævis, &c.*] Grande fuit inceptum Magorum, et cui nullius alii comparari potest. Quomodo enim sunt Hector trucidatus, Latium perdomitum, aut vellus ovis surreptum, cum mari exusto comparanda.

38. *Depanautis.*] A δέπας patera vel poculum, et ναύτης nauta ; quia in paterâ navigabant. Sunt qui legunt "Casanautis," et sonum propter, et derivationem.

Cernere erat tres ventres vastos, maxime obesos,
Quorum pes alter paterâ stat nixus apertâ,
Fluctibus atque alter remorum fungitur usu.
Scindit iter vastum fatalis cymba per æquor,
Armatos minitata magos, dirum ! ignibus undis.
Ceu boreali progrediens a littore cetus
Sulcum per mare longum dat spumantibus undis,
Quem circum glomerantur aves pictæ æthere pennis,
At trepidi ponto vertunt diffugere pisces.
Inscius interea solio Neptunus eburno
Lætificos sedit satagens potare liquores,
Cui Amphitrite lateri pulcherrima virgo
Assedit decus, juxta cœtus naidum et omnis.
Nuncius ecce supernis cum ruit hydrus ab aquis,
Advenisse magos, jam spargere ubique ruinam,
Et pontum sævis, horrendum ! ardescere flammis.
Obstupuit primum, potusque in faucibus hæsit,
Sed tandem incensus surgit Neptunus ab imo,
Procellasque vocat, mandat vi surgere ventis,
Hostibus et parat alto sævum ingerere Martem.
Tum vero diris elementa infremere pugnis
Prospiceres, et totum agitari in æquore mundum.
Horrendi ignitum tonitrus sonuere per æther,
Et graviter turbo spumosis sævit in undis.
Ast nat carminibus servata per æquora cymba,
Impavidos fert nautas, illuditque procellæ.
Et forsan salva evasisset læta subacto
Oceano, et Gotamam fundo rediisset aperto,
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Fragmenta et patera, et nautas disperdit in alto.
Heu sortem miseram ! finem quæ dabat acerbam
Carminibusque magorum, carminibusque poetæ. B.

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"*The Battle is described,*" *says an English reviewer,* "*as it appeared to the two squires of Lord Marmion, who were left on an eminence in the rear as the guard of Lady Clare : And certainly, of all the poetical battles which have been fought from the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation,—for breadth of drawing, and magnificence of effect,—with this of Mr. Scott's. The Scottish army set fire to its camp on the brow of the hill, and rushed down to the attack, under cover of the smoke of the conflagration.*"

Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announc'd their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war.
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

Amidst the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broad-sword plied;
'Twas vain.—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell,
The Border slogan rent the sky:
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced—forced back—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds and sail,
It wavered mid the foes.

Cernere erat tres ventres vastos, maxime obesos,
Quorum pes alter paterâ stat nixus apertâ,
Fluctibus atque alter remorum fungitur usu.
Scindit iter vastum fatalis cymba per æquor,
Armatos minitata magos, dirum ! ignibus undis.
Ceu boreali progrediens a littore cetus
Sulcum per mare longum dat spumantibus undis,
Quem circum glomerantur aves pictæ æthere pennis,
At trepidi ponto vertunt diffugere pisces.
Inscius interea solio Neptunus eburno
Lætificos sedit satagens potare liquores,
Cui Amphitrite lateri pulcherrima virgo
Assedit decus, juxta cœtus naidum et omnis.
Nuncius ecce supernis cum ruit hydrus ab aquis,
Advenisse magos, jam spargere ubique ruinam,
Et pontum sævis, horrendum ! ardescere flammis.
Obstupuit primum, potusque in faucibus hæsit,
Sed tandem incensus surgit Neptunus ab imo,
Procellasque vocat, mandat vi surgere ventis,
Hostibus et parat alto sævum ingerere Martem.
Tum vero diris elementa infremere pugnis
Prospiceres, et totum agitari in æquore mundum.
Horrendi ignitum tonitrus sonuere per æther,
Et graviter turbo spumosis sævit in undis.
Ast nat carminibus servata per æquora cymba,
Impavidos fert nautas, illuditque procellæ.
Et forsan salva evasisset læta subacto
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THE BOSTON REVIEW.

FOR

AUGUST, 1808.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ART. 13.

The Life of George Washington, commander in chief of the American forces, during the war which established the independence of his country, and first president of the United States. Compiled under the inspection of the honourable Bushrod Washington, from original papers bequeathed to him by his deceased relative, and now in possession of the author. To which is prefixed an introduction, containing a compendious view of the colonies planted by the English on the continent of North America, from their settlement to the commencement of that war, which terminated in their independence. By John Marshall Philadelphia, *printed and published by* C. P. Wayne. Vol. I, 1804, Vol. II, 1804, Vol. III, 1804, Vol. IV, 1805, Vol. V, 1807.

[*Concluded.*]

WE cannot easily conceive of a more difficult task, than that of Judge Marshall in writing the history of the political administration of Washington. To be the first to narrate the circumstances, which attended the entire organization and early administration of the government of a great empire, events, at once so numerous, complicated and important, would under the happiest auspices be sufficiently arduous. But when we recollect, that most of the principal agents in these events are still alive; that the spirit of party, which now convulses our country, had its origin within the period which he describes; that the fires, which our dissensions then kindled, are still glowing, without even the covering of deceitful ashes; when we consider also the share, which Judge Marshall himself took in the events which he relates, and the peculiar delicacy, which his official station imposes, we must acknowledge, that to no writer could it ever be more truly said:

> Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ
> Tractas.

We commence our examination of the last division of his work with congratulating him on his success. It certainly implies a high and uncommon degree of accuracy, fairness and courtesy, that no publick con-

futation has been attempted of any of his principal facts. Although his work has now been so long before the world, and although it certainly contains many statements, which, if left uncontradicted, will materially affect the opinion, which posterity will form of some of our most distinguished characters, we have not heard of a single denial of his fidelity, or even an impeachment of his candour and politeness. In this respect, we almost venture to pronounce his work an *unique* in the annals of political history.

Yet we are far from thinking, that by the exercise of this philosophical coolness and impartiality Judge Marshall has consulted his *present* reputation, however great may be the honours, with which posterity may crown him. We are all so full of agitation and effervescence on political topicks, that a man, who keeps his temper, can hardly gain a hearing. We have been so long accustomed to strong potations of ardent spirits, that our mouths have become too indurated to relish the soft and mellow flavour of our author's Burgundy. Besides, it is not to be denied, that the restraints, which he has imposed on himself, have somewhat impeded the freedom and vigour of his disquisitions, and prevented him from marking his views of the characters and motives of his political opponents with that bold and well defined outline, and that strength and glow of colouring, of which we believe him capable. He seems to write more in the spirit of a spectator of our political gladiators, who has watched attentively and coolly the different motions of the combatants, than of one, who has himself descended into the arena, appeared ἐν προμαχοισιν, and is yet red with the wounds which he gave, and smarting with those which his enemies inflicted in return. But, though the effect of this moderation has been to prevent his work from becoming what, in the language of the trade, is called a very *taking* book, we confess, the mode he has adopted has our entire approbation. We should probably have read a book, in which he had unfolded his feelings and views of political characters and events without reserve, with greater interest; but, when we should have remembered, that its author was at the head of the jurisprudence of his country, we should have felt, that he had degraded his dignity by becoming the advocate of a party. There is a sanctity in the character of the chief dispenser of justice, which we should have been sorry to have seen violated by the indulgence of bitterness of feeling, however well applied, or vehemence of invective, however justly directed. We do not mean by all this, that there is any want of decision in Judge Marshall's mode of narration. His opinions are every where perfectly visible: but then they are usually left to be collected by the deduction of the reader, and are seldom formally stated and defended. The mode, which he has adopted, is generally that of strict narration; and always, when possible, he has preserved the language of the actors themselves. He has given an abstract of some of the most interesting debates in Congress, and though, like Dr. Johnson, he has taken care "never to let the Whig dogs have the best of it," it may perhaps seem to have arisen from the intrinsick weakness of their arguments, more than from any want of fairness in stating them. In point of fact, indeed, we think it is the most invulnerable book we ever read. We cannot name one of equal importance, which an enemy

would be so much puzzled to find fault with.

It was our original intention to have attempted an analysis of this volume, but a number of motives have induced us to relinquish it. It is a book so much in the hands of every one, that our usual motive for so much labour, that of giving our readers information of the contents of a work, is wanting. We are afraid too, that we could not effect our design without engaging more deeply in political discussion, than our feelings and habits, and probably powers, will admit. We are, from principle, averse from making our work a political tract, and are therefore willing to suppose any argument strong, which opposes our engaging in the discussion of local politicks. We shall leave this volume, therefore, with a few general observations on the merit of the work.

The more we have examined this volume, the more firmly have we been convinced, that it will be read by posterity with the deepest interest. The political history of our country will, we doubt not, hereafter be the most important, which the records of the world can afford. It is to display the effects of civilization on government and manners, decide the question of the utilty of a complete separation of civil and religious power, and put to the fairest possible test the degree of freedom of every kind, with which our nature can be trusted. As much also will be learned by the observers of human nature, as by the politician; and we fear, that the account of the origin and progress of parties among us will confirm the theories of the most gloomy moralists. On most of these subjects the book of Judge Marshall will be found to contain the most important information; but particularly on the last. When hereafter it shall anxiously be inquired, what were the causes, which drew up a party in array against such a constitution as ours, and so administered as it was by Washington, this volume will be consulted, as an original and authentick document. We dare not trust ourselves with predicting the opinions, which will then be formed; but we think it becomes every man, who embraces with warmth the cause of either of the great parties, which divide us, to examine with attention the account, which this book will afford him, of the conduct and characters of the principal leaders.

Another circumstance, which we think gives a peculiar value to this volume, is, the insight which it gives into the history of the foreign relations of our country. There is no political topick, on which there appears a more universal ignorance, than on that of the management of our diplomatick affairs, and, from the nature of the subject, even the account of Judge Marshall is necessarily imperfect. The information however, which is given, is extremely interesting. If we should select the parts of this volume, which appear to us to be most original and spirited, we should point to the account of the proceedings of Genet, and the narrative of the negotiation of the British treaty. But we must now either enter into a particular examination of the work, or here close our observations. We prefer the latter, and shall therefore proceed to make some remarks on the style of the whole work.

It is the general character of the style of these volumes to be easy, fluent, perspicuous, and dignified; but when we come to examine it

with minuteness, this praise must be a good deal modified. It is easy, but its ease is not always graceful; it is fluent, but often also careless; it is usually perspicuous, but it is sometimes made obscure by violations of the rules of rhetorick; it is commonly dignified, but it is sometimes more elevated than the subject. It is the style of a man more accustomed to speak than to write; it abounds therefore with unauthorized idioms, parliamentary circumlocutions, and technical barbarisms; nor is it always free from grammatical impurities. There is also a good deal of that loose and unmeaning verbiage, which, if we were not speaking of Judge Marshall, we should be tempted to call newspaper slang; and which, as so many of us are in the habit of taking all our literature from the journals, we seriously fear will become the characteristick of the American style. We mean by this, that we observe an inattention to the force and even meaning of words, a disregard of the distinction between their literal and metaphorical use; in short, to tell the truth plainly, we think we see too many proofs that the study of a pure, logical, and classical style has not occupied enough of his attention. We will give a sentence, taken at hazard, as an illustration of these remarks.

> Unable to pay the interest [of the foreign debt,] they [the United States] would, in the course of the succeeding year, be liable for the first instalment of the principal; and the humiliating circumstance was to be encountered of a total failure to comply with the most solemn engagements, unaccompanied with the prospect of being enabled to give assurances, that, at any future time, their situation would be more eligible.
>
> *Vol.* v. *p.* 60.

"Liable for the first instalment" can hardly be tolerated out of a court of justice. The objection to the remainder of the sentence, we are persuaded, every reader accustomed to pure English will feel; though it is not easy to give the whole of it in a few words. A circumstance may be encountered by the help of a trope; but to encounter a circumstance, unaccompanied with a prospect, requires more valour than we possess. We are aware, that the meaning of several of these words has almost ceased to be figurative; and, though we should have thought this a careless sentence, we certainly should not have quoted it as extremely faulty, if such negligence and looseness of expression were not so very frequent. Let us take another example of the same kind.

"From these or from other causes, the *crisis* of *the pressure* on individuals seemed to be *passing away*, and *brighter prospects* to be opening on them." Vol. v. p. 178.

As we think Judge Marshall's authority, in other respects, great enough to give authority to faults of this kind, we have taken the trouble to turn over his volumes, and here subjoin a list of inaccuracies, which it would have been easy to enlarge.

We observe every where the common Americanisms of the use of "progress" as a verb, "lengthy" for long, "to conduct" as a reciprocal verb, "executive"* as a noun, &c. &c. of which we suppose it is now almost useless to complain.

In Vol. I. p. 70. "Laws which are the oldest legislative rules of action now remaining of record."

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* This, we rather think, we have succeeded in incorporating into the language, as it is now in general use in England.

The phrase, "legislative rules," has a very different meaning from rules made by the legislature, which we presume are meant. "Of record" is either an errour of the press for "on record," or it is a legal barbarism.

80. "They landed in Maryland, near the confluence of the Potomac." With what?

83. "The puritans of New-England were employed in *coercing conformity* to their tenets." We believe no good English authority can be found for the use of the verb to coerce in any other sense than to restrain. Stephens produces only two doubtful examples among the Latins of the use of coerceo in the sense to compel.

86. "In the course of this revolutionary turbulence the upper house was resolved to be useless;" for "it was resolved that" &c.

116. "The system of Charles aimed at every thing *dear to the American heart.*" To us, this phrase, which is so common, appears nearly as ludicrous as to talk of every thing respected by the American head. We are not attempting to be smart. The head is as often and as correctly used for the understanding, as the heart for the affections.

354. "This could only be done in the night, and *of* a foggy day." We hope this is an errour of the printer.

368. "Only a small tract of *territory* could be *reduced* to actual *occupation.*"

Vol. II. p. 28. "A few inhabitants *forted in* on the Potomac."

73. "*Dutiable* articles."

Vol. III. p. 46. "Parties *to* the war." We have observed many legal phrases of this kind *passim*. They are not English any where but in a court of justice.

120. "The army was *convenient to* the highlands."

456. "Falling trees" for causing them to fall. This is an American addition to the English barbarism, "to grow trees."

547. "They still hoped that a *knowledge* of the terms, *operating* on their *disappointment*, would make a great impression on the people." This is surely very careless writing.

Vol. IV p. 546. "*Scrubby oaks.*"

Vol. V. p. 130. "A class of men who could *identify* themselves with the state government, but who considered that of the United States as foreign." A man may identify his interests with those of a government, but surely not himself.

211. "Recreating publick credit," and in vol. i. p. 38, we find *re*-excited, and p. 67, *re*-vested, all, we believe, words of the author's own coinage.

310. "The national sensibilities" is a fashionable phrase among our southern brethren, but will hardly pass among us, who talk only English."

424. "Societies, *who* had constituted themselves." This is unpardonable carelessness. "Pending," for during, is obsolete.

449. "The American *bosom* still glowed with affection for *their* chief magistrate" Shocking rhetorick, and worse grammar.

545. "It was an infringement of the right of the *executive*, and an indelicacy to that *department*," and

551. "Inquiries were set on foot respecting the *treasury department*, which originated in the hope of finding some foundation for censure of *that officer*." In both these instances, the department and the person employed in it, by a strange figure of speech for plain prose, are considered as synonimous.

The examples of incorrectness, which we have thus enumerated, were collected in a very rapid examination of these volumes, and might have been easily multiplied. We have been thus minute, both in order to justify the boldness of our observations on Judge Marshall's style, and in order to enter our protest against errours, that may claim the sanction of his name. Lest however they should give our readers a too unfavourable impression of the merits of his style, we shall make an extract, which we believe will counteract it.

At the head of the department of foreign affairs, since denominated the department of state, he placed Mr. Jefferson.

This gentleman had been bred to the bar, and, at an early period of life, had acquired considerable reputation for extensive attainments in the science of politics. He had been a member of the second congress, and had been named to a diplomatic appointment which he had declined. Withdrawing from the administration of continental affairs, he had been elected governor of Virginia, which office he filled for two years. He afterwards again represented his native state in the councils of the union, and in the year 1784, was appointed to succeed Dr. Franklin at the court of Versailles. In that station, he had acquitted himself much to the public satisfaction, and had added considerably to the reputation he had previously acquired. His notes on Virginia, which were read with applause, were generally considered as an able specimen of his talents for composition, and as evincing the correctness of his political opinions. He had long been contemplated by America amongst the most eminent of her citizens, and had long been classed by the president with those who were most capable of serving the nation with effect. Having lately obtained permission to return for a short time to the United States, he was, while on his passage, nominated to this important office, and on his arrival in Virginia, found a letter from the president giving him the option of becoming the secretary of foreign affairs, or of retaining his station at the court of Versailles. He appears rather to have inclined to continue in his foreign appointment, and, in changing his situation, to have consulted the wishes of the first magistrate more than the preference of his own mind.

The task of recreating public credit, of drawing order and arrangement from the chaotic confusion in which the finances of America were involved, and of devising means which should render the revenue productive, and commensurate with the demand, in a manner least burdensome to the people, was justly classed among the most arduous of the duties which devolved on the new government. In discharging it, much aid was expected from the head of the treasury. To colonel Hamilton was assigned this important, and at that time intricate department.

This gentlemen was a native of the island of St. Croix, and, at a very early period of life, had been placed by his friends, in New York. Possessing an ardent temper, he caught fire from the concussions of the moment, and with all the enthusiasm of youth, engaged first his pen, and afterwards his sword, in the stern contest between the American colonies and their parent state. Among the first troops raised by New York was a corps of artillery, in which he was appointed a captain. Soon after the war was transferred to the Hudson, his superior endowments recommended him to the attention of the commander in chief, into whose family, before completing his twenty first year, he was invited to enter. Equally brave and intelligent, he continued in this situation to display a degree of firmness and capacity which commanded the confidence and esteem of his general, and of the principal officers in the army.

After the capitulation at York Town, the war languished throughout the American continent, and the probability that its termination was approaching daily increased.

The critical circumstances of the existing government rendered the events of the civil, more interesting than those of the military department, and colonel Hamilton accepted a seat in the congress of the United States. In all the important acts of the day, he performed a conspicuous part, and was greatly distinguished among those distinguished characters whom the crisis had attracted to the councils of their country. He had

afterwards been active in promoting those measures which led to the convention at Philadelphia, of which he was a member, and had greatly contributed to the adoption of the constitution by the state of New York. In the distinguished part he had performed both in the military and civil transactions of his country, he had acquired a great degree of well merited fame; and the frankness of his manners, the openness of his temper, the warmth of his feelings, and the sincerity of his heart, had secured him many valuable friends.

To talents of the highest grade, he united a patient industry, not always the companion of genius, which fitted him in a peculiar manner for the difficulties to be encountered by the man who should be placed at the head of the American finances.

The department of war was already filled by general Knox. Throughout the contest of the revolution this officer had continued at the head of the American artillery, and from being the colonel of a regiment had been promoted to the rank of a major general. In this important station, he had preserved a high military character; and, on the resignation of general Lincoln, he had been appointed secretary of war. To his past services, and to unquestionable integrity, he was admitted to unite a sound understanding, and the public judgment as well as that of the chief magistrate, pronounced him in all respects competent to the station he filled. The president was highly gratified in believing that his public duty comported with his private inclinations, in nominating general Knox to the office which had been conferred upon him under the former government.

The office of attorney general, was filled by Mr. Edmund Randolph. To a distinguished reputation in the line of his profession, this gentleman had added a considerable degree of political eminence. After having been for several years the attorney general of Virginia, during great part of which time he was decidedly at the head of the bar in that state, he had been elected its governor. While in this office, he was chosen a member of the convention which framed the constitution, and was also elected to that which was called by the state for its adoption or rejection. After having served at the head of the executive the term permitted by the constitution of the state, he entered into its legislature, where he preserved a great share of influence.

These characters are drawn with much address, and not a little elegance.

Judge Marshall closes his work with a character of Washington, which is however too long to be inserted. It is written with eloquence; but we cannot say it has left us nothing to wish. We reluctantly remark a disposition among some of us to undervalue the reputation of our hero, and we are deceived if his fame is not, at this moment, higher among the nations of Europe, than among us, to whom he has given our independence. Such is

> The unwilling gratitude of base mankind.

We regret that our author has not employed his powers in analysing his character more minutely and vindicating it from the common cavils, which are brought against it. Nothing, we are convinced, would be more easy. Judge Marshall however himself seems to countenance the common objection to his intellectual powers, that he did not possess the qualities of a man of genius. We are not worthy to contest the opinion or to supply the deficiences of Judge Marshall, nor shall we attempt it. Yet we cannot refuse ourselves the gratification of saying one word in reply to this objection. If we make genius to consist in a disregard of the rules, which the experience of mankind has established, in the sallies of poetical imagination, in the uncontrolled developement of the passions, it must be admitted, that Washington was not a man of genius. But if we adopt the most philosophical definition of genius, which was ever made, and suppose

it, with Rousseau, to be, *the power of producing great effects by apparently disproportionate means*, there have been few among mankind, who can be said to have possessed it in a higher degree. His genius we believe to have been of a peculiar order, with less of brilliancy and show, and perhaps even less of original invention, than we see in a majority of those whom the world have agreed to call great. The strength of it seems to have consisted in a wonderful clearness and accuracy of apprehension, a power of seizing the essential point in a subject, disentangling it from all its accessory circumstances, and viewing truth in its simple and abstracted state. The knowledge and talents of all around him he made tributary to his own, but the ultimate decisions of his mind were original and unborrowed. From his habit of cautious examination it was impossible that the operations of his genius should be rapid; but it was not the less genius. It partook of that quality of calm and patient induction, which unfolded to Newton the theory of the universe. We may narrow our definition of genius, so as to exclude from it a man of this description; but we do not see that we shall thus make much improvement either in philosophy or language. By the application of the same rule we must exclude also from the realms of genius a class of men so numerous and august, that we shall perhaps have little cause to boast of those that remain. Let us beware then, lest, when we have banished Diogenes from Sinope, he may condemn us to remain there.

To the moral grandeur of Washington's mind, the tribute of Judge Marshall is just and eloquent. It is indeed beyond all parallel.

Intaminatis fulget honoribus.

If indeed, as we fear, there are any among us, heavy of head and cold of heart, who can contemplate the moral sublime of such a character without emotion, we rejoice that we have no sympathy with them. Peace to all such.

It is now time that we should bid farewell to the work of Judge Marshall. We do it with much gratitude for the pleasure and instruction we have received, and with very sincere wishes for its success.

ART. 27.

A view of the soil and climate of the United States of America, with supplementary remarks upon Florida, on the French colonies on the Mississippi and Ohio, and in Canada, and on the Aboriginal tribes of America. By C. F. Volney, member of the Conservative Senate, &c. Translated, with occasional remarks, by C. B. Brown, with maps and plates. Philadelphia, published by J. Conrad & Co. 1804. pp. 446.

SOME apology may seem necessary for having delayed so long to review a work peculiarly interesting to the inhabitants of the United States. We can only say, that other occupations prevented our attending to it upon its first publication, and that we have suffered the remarks, now presented to the publick, to lay by us a long time from the hope of obtaining the original work, with which we might compare Mr. Brown's translation. Unsuccessful in our endeavours, and observing Mr. Volney's opinions quoted in some late English publications, we concluded to publish our remarks, at the same time cautioning our readers, that the American translation differs materially from the English. In his preface, Mr. Brown says, he "has endeavoured to give the mean-

ing of his author, in the clearest, most faithful, and most distinct manner. For this purpose, he has not thought it necessary to transfer the remarkable verbosities of his original into his own performance." But we find besides, that Mr. Brown has omitted notes, that did not accord with his own ideas, and has wholly altered the form of one of the appendices. Had we the original work, we might probably find other variations. Such liberties we consider wholly unpardonable, although too common in this country. If gentlemen wish to express their own notions upon any subject, the press is open to them; but when they undertake to represent the ideas of others, they are bound by every tie of honour and justice, to give both the meaning and manner of the original; to exhibit not only his person, but likewise his dress and air.

Mr. Volney, in his introduction, informs us of the motives, which induced him to visit this country. "In the year 1795, I embarked at Havre for America, with all the dreary feelings that flow from the observation and experience of persecution and injustice. Saddened by the past, anxious for the future, I sat out for a land of freedom, to discover whether liberty, which was banished from Europe, had really found a refuge in any other part of the world." He complains greatly of being considered here as a suspected person, when his motives were so pure, and speaks of the rancour that was excited against him. We must sympathize with Mr. Volney as an innocent person, and can readily pardon his prejudices against the authors of his sufferings; at the same time we can never forget the daring interference of his countrymen in our domestick politicks, which, at that moment, not only threatened us with war, but aimed a blow at our constitution and independence. Our gratitude to the administration, which saved us from these wiles, would make us forgive them, even if their precaution had been sometimes carried too far.

Mr. Volney commences his work by giving the natural boundaries of the United States, and considering its extent and superficies, dividing it into four climates, the hot, the cold, the temperate, and the climate of the western country.

His second chapter is upon the face of the country, of which he gives a most dismal picture. He states some facts, but gives a totally erroneous idea of the country. "During a long journey which I made in 1796, from the mouth of Delaware through Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, to the Wabash, and thence northward, across the north western territory to Detroit, through lake Erie to Niagara and Albany; and in the following year from Boston to Richmond in Virginia, I scarcely passed for three miles together, through a track of unwooded or cleared land. I always found the roads, or rather the paths, bordered and obscured by copse or forest, whose silence, uniformity and stillness was wearisome. The ground beneath it was sterile and rough, or encumbered with the fallen and decaying trunks of ancient trees. Clouds of gnats, mosquitoes and flies hovered beneath the shade, and continually *infected* my peace. Such is the real state of these Elysian fields, of which, in the bosom of European cities, romancers entertain us with their charming dreams." And such is the reverie of Mr. Volney respecting a country, that he actually visited; a dream as wide of the truth as that of any other European romancers. Mr. Volney says

that on the sea coast there are many open spaces, and in the western regions vast deserts, called savannahs and prairies; yet compared with such a country as France, the United States may be denominated one vast forest. If (according to the best calculations) old France contained 131,722,295 acres, with a population of twenty six millions, and the United States in the year 1800, 5,214,000 persons, to 589 million acres of land, the relative population of France would be about twenty times that of the United States. If to this, we add the numbers supported by provisions raised in the United States, and that Mr. Volney's remarks include the most populous states, and do not take in the extremes, which are but thinly settled, we may judge of the correctness of his observations. This forest he divides into three districts; the first extending from St. Mary's to the Chesapeake, and from 50 to 150 miles in breadth (the English translator says from 80 to 130) is covered with resinous trees, and would be barren but for the alluvions of rivers. The 2d forest comprising "the hilly parts of Carolina and Virginia, all Pennsylvania, the southern part of New York, and the country North of the Ohio, as far as the river Wabash" is filled with various species of deciduous and resinous trees. The third district is composed like the first, and includes the western part of New York, and the inland countries of New England, exclusive of the intervales and banks of rivers. "It advances northward into Canada, and is lost at last among the deserts of the polar circle, where the trees dwindle down into thinly scattered junipers, and other trees of a hardy growth and scanty product." Of the five species of trees, that he allots to this district, the fir, pine, larch, cedar and cypress, the latter is seldom found within it. We think none of the inhabitants of New England would recognize their country in this description. The translator qualifies it in a note.

Mr. V. gives us a better idea of the general configuration of the United States, which he divides into three districts; the Atlantick, the Western, and the Mountainous. The western, or vale of the Missisippi, he again subdivides into three districts. The first, south of the Apalachian hills, is flat, sandy and barren, with marshes on the banks of rivers extremely fertile, and resembles Portugal and the coast of Barbary. The second, between the Tennessee, Ohio, Alleghany and Mississippi rivers is rugged with innumerable hills; its vallies and plains are fertile, but the soil is so loose, that brooks and rivers frequently dissappear. These brooks and streams run in grooves with perpendicular banks from 50 to 400 feet high, and therefore the country can never be watered by art, and drought is already complained of. The third district between the Ohio, the lakes, the Alleghany mountains, and Missisippi has a plain surface, with vast level meadows. The plain is nearly as lofty as the Alleghany mountains, and will one day become the Flanders of America.

Mr. Volney next proceeds to the internal structure of the soil, and, in his fifth region, gives not only its present state, but what it has been in ages past, and will be in ages to come. Mr. Volney here indulges to the greatest extent his love of system. Upon some slight fact he raises a theory, which every thing else must be made to support. Nor does Mr. Volney seem to have possessed the knowledge of mineralogy

requisite for this part of his subject. A few specimens, examined at Paris, were sufficient to stamp the character of an immense extent of country. He divides the United States into five regions. The first, of granite, is bounded by the Atlantick, St. Lawrence, lake Ontario, and the Hudson. The second, of sand stone, of which the limits are not so exact, includes the Alleghany mountains and generally all the southern chains, as far as the angle of Georgia and the Apalachi. The third, or calcareous region, comprises all the western country. The fourth region is of sea sand, and extends from the Hudson to Florida, being bounded inland by a stratum of granitick talc, which marks the falls of rivers. This region is from 30 to 100 miles in width, and is evidently sand from the ocean. The fifth region is of river alluvions, and extends from the ridge of talc to the foot of the sand stone, or granitick mountains.

To the lovers of theory a most admirable repast is offered in the following section upon ancient lakes, that have disappeared. Mr. Volney supposes, that all the country between the various branches of the Alleghany was once an immense chain of lakes; but that the Potomac and other rivers, forcing passages through the mountains, left bare the bottom of these lakes. Mr. Volney supports this theory with much ingenuity, introducing earthquakes to account for any irregularities in his system; and in his account of the falls of Niagara, which follows, his only object is to prove, that the same process is going on in the St. Lawrence; that the falls are gradually receding towards lake Erie; and that in their progress they will one day reach that lake, the bottom of which will then become dry.

In his fourth chapter upon volcanoes and earthquakes, Mr. Volney still further indulges his love of theory. Having shown the frequency of earthquakes in this country, he accounts for them all by placing a large volcano under lake Ontario.

In the next chapter, upon climate, his observations are more judicious; though, frequently, the facts he states are not sufficient to support the conclusions he draws from them. He reduces his observations to three heads. "1st, The climate of the maritime region is colder in winter, and warmer in summer, than that of the countries of Europe, under the same parallels." "2dly, The daily variations are greater, and more abrupt in the maritime country, than in Europe;" and, "3dly, The temperature of the vallies of the Ohio and Missisippi is warmer, in the proportion of three degrees of latitude, than that of the mountainous districts." To measure the temperature of the United States, he thinks two thermometrical scales necessary; one to be placed in the order of latitudes, and the other to consist of a double scale, to be placed transversely with the extreme point of cold upon the Alleghany mountains, gradually increasing to the two extreme points of heat at the sea-shore and Missisippi. He adds two observations, 1st, that southward beyond the lattitude of 35° and 36° N. the temperature of the inland and maritime regions is the same; and, 2dly, that "the superiour warmth of the western quarters ceases to take place, when you reach the great lakes and the latitude of 43° and 45°." "Above the latitude of 46° the earth is frozen the whole year." And as he says, that the surface only is thawed in summer, he concludes, that "if the sun should desert our poor plan-

et, it would become a mass of ice, and white bears and Esquimaux be its last inhabitants." This observation is omitted in the American translation.

Mr. Volney commences his account of the winds of the United States by remarking their extreme inconstancy ; but in describing each particular wind, he makes them more steady than we should expect from this remark. Of the northeast wind he gives a more dismal account, than we should expect from an invalid suffering under its influence in the last stage of a hectick. The southeast wind he compares to the Sirocco, and says, it produces, though in a much less degree, the same torpor of the brain. Happily this effect is unknown to the inhabitants who live under its influence. His observations upon the southwest wind are more satisfactory, though even here he contradicts himself. He supposes that the trade winds pass from the Carribean sea into the gulf of Mexico, and are divided into three channels The first crossing the peninsula of Yucatan extends to the mountains of New Mexico, which it surmounts and pours down the northwest coast in summer as far as Nootka. Upon this inaccuracy the translator justly remarks, Mr. Volney had just before observed, that the whole body of air was unable to surmount the Mosquitoe or Nicaragua hills, and here he makes a single branch, after having crossed Yucatan, and traversed an immense extent of country, ascend the mountains of Mexico, and blow down upon the northwest coast. A second branch, he says, blows towards the shores of Louisiana and Florida, and forms the southwest wind of the Atlantic coast, and the south wind of the Mississippi. A third branch, endeavouring to cross the peninsula of Florida, is turned back towards the gulf. Mr. Volney then introduces an interesting, though not novel account of the gulf stream. One cooperating cause, the tides, is omitted. Mr. Volney then returns to winds : he brings the northwest wind of winter from "the great icy north," beyond the lakes, but attributes the same wind in summer to a less remote cause. He supposes a vacuum to be produced by thunder, and that the air from above rushes down to fill it, taking a direction towards the yielding and lighter air of the south.

His eighth chapter is a comparison of the United States with Europe in relation to winds, evaporation, quantity of rain and electricity. From a number of general observations he draws these conclusions : that "the temperature or climate of a country depends on its customary currents of air or winds ;" and that "the condition of the surface has a powerful influence on the course of these winds, and thus becomes a primary cause of the climate." "The atmospheric differences between Europe and America," Mr. Volney continues, "are chiefly owing to their topographical differences. We may then explain, why the annual quantity of rain is greater in America than in France, England or Germany ; why the falls of rain are generally more copious and rapid ; why the reigning winds are more violent, and tempests more frequent in America than in Europe." Each of these facts he enlarges upon.

In his next chapter Mr. Volney undertakes to examine, whether the moon has any influence on the winds. He adopts the negative ; but we do not think his observations throw any light upon a subject, which has been hitherto involved in doubt and ob-

scurity. He is more fortunate in explaining the influence of the sun, but makes a very great mistake in supposing a difference of only ten days between the climate of Virginia and that of Canada. Had he allowed the same difference to every two degrees of latitude within the United States, we believe he would then have fallen short of the truth. His observations upon the change of climate are, on the whole, more just, than are commonly met with. He thus sums them up: "What seems to be demonstrated on this head is, that winter is shorter, the summer longer, and the autumn later, than they formerly were, but that the cold, as the last ten years sufficiently evince, is as violent as ever." He might have added, that the winters are more broken. From some experiments made by Mr. Williams, our author concludes, that in summer, the open fields are much hotter, than the ground shaded by trees; but that in winter, they have the same temperature. The latter conclusion is sufficiently disproved by two simple facts; 1st, that the frost penetrates much deeper in open ground than in the woods; and 2d, that flowers blossom much earlier in the forest. He questions, whether the American climate has been improved by clearing the lands; and endeavours to bring Dr. Rush to support the opinion, that it has not: but his remarks afterwards sufficiently prove, that our climate has not been injured by cultivation.

His tenth chapter is upon "the reigning diseases of the United States." The peculiar prevailing diseases, he thinks, are four. 1st, coughs, colds and catarrhs, ending in consumption. 2dly, Bad teeth, which he attributes to hot tea and salt meat; as if hot tea was peculiar to Americans, or that salt meat was the common food of our cities, where the complaint is most prevalent. 3dly, autumnal intermittents; and lastly, yellow fevers, upon which subject his translator is violently opposed to our author. Mr Volney supposes the yellow fever to be of domestick origin, and assigns interested motives to those, who are of an opposite opinion. He thinks it not always contagious. He considers the diet of the people, which he describes and calls Tartarian, one cause of the yellow fever; but the principal one, he attributes to the indulgence in luxuries, particularly wine and brandy, from the vast increase of wealth and population. Time has disproved his opinion respecting the continued increase of a disease, which has now almost left the United States.

Mr. Volney adds seven supplements or appendices to his work. The first has been thrown into a wholly different form by the translator. The object of it is to show, that the chain of Dofrine hills which intersects Norway, divides it into two climates, wholly independent of each other; and that, as both sides of their hills have a climate influenced by them, it can never be the same in both at the same moment. His second appendix is on Bernard Roman's history of Florida, from which he introduces a quotation, which the American editor extends from 10 to 48 pages. In his third appendix he shews a high degree of liberality in speaking of Belknap's history of New Hampshire, and William's history of Vermont; for he himself notices the "declamations against philosophers and travellers of Europe" of Dr. Belknap. He had even taken some steps towards translating the latter work, and the last volume of the former into French. Appendix No. 4, contains an ac-

count of the expectations but ill success of the settlement of Gallipolis, formed by the Scioto company. No 5, is upon the French settlement at St. Vincents, in which he enters into the character of the French emigrants, explains the cause of their constant failure in forming settlements, compares their character with that of the settlers of British and German descent, and delineates the character of each with remarkable strength and penetration. We shall present our readers with the sketch :

The settler, of British or German descent, is of a cold and phlegmatic temper, and deliberately forms a plan of husbandry, which he steadily pursues. He attends sedulously to every thing that can influence the success of his projects. He never becomes idle, till his end is accomplished, and he has put his affairs on a good footing.

The impetuosity of the Frenchman leads him to embrace precipitately any plausible or flattering project, and he proceeds in his career without laboriously computing expenses and contingencies. With more genius for his portion, he laughs at the dullness and cautions of his Dutch or English neighbour, whom he stigmatizes as an ox ; but his neighbour will sedately and wisely reply, that the patient ox will plough much better than the mettlesome racer. And in truth the Frenchman's fire easily slackens: his patience is worn out ; and after changing, correcting, and altering his plans, he finally abandons his project in despair.

This neighbour is in no haste to rise *o' mornings*, but when fairly up he applies steadily to work. At breakfast he gives cold and laconic orders to his wife, who obeys them without contradiction or demur. Weather permitting, he goes to plough or chop ; if the weather be bad, he prosecutes his in door tasks, looks over the contents of his house and granary, repairs his doors or windows, drives pegs or nails, makes chairs or tables, and is always busy in making his habitation more comfortable and secure. With these habits, he is nowise averse to sell his farm for a good price, and move, even in old age, still farther into the forest, cheerfully recommencing all the labours of a new settlement. There will he spend years in felling trees, building a hut and a barn, and in fencing and sowing his fields. His wife, as placid and patient as himself, will second all his labours, and they will sometimes pass away six months without seeing the face of a stranger. In four or five years, comfort, convenience, and ease will grow up around them, and a competence will recompense their solitary toils.

The Frenchman, on the contrary, will be up betimes, for the pleasure of viewing and talking over matters with his wife, whose counsel he demands. Their constant agreement would be quite a miracle : the wife dissents, argues, wrangles, and the husband has his own way, or gives up to her, and is irritated or disheartened. Home, perhaps, grows irksome, so he takes his gun, goes a shooting or a journey, or to chat with a neighbour. If he stays at home, he either whiles away the hour in good-humoured talk, or he scolds and quarrels. Neighbours interchange visits : for to visit and talk are so necessary to a Frenchman, that along the frontier of Canada and Louisiana there is no where a settler of that nation to be found, but within sight or reach of some other. On asking how far off the remotest settler was, I have been told, He is in the woods, with the bears, a league from any house, and with nobody to talk to.

This temper is the most characteristic difference between the two nations, and the more I reflect upon this subject, the firmer is my persuasion, that the Americans and the northern Europeans, from whom they are descended, chiefly owe their success in arts and commerce to their habitual taciturnity. In silence they collect, arrange, and digest their thoughts, and have leisure to calculate the future ; they acquire habits of clear thinking and accurate expression ; and hence there is more decision in their conduct, both in publick and domestic exigences, and they at once see their way to their point more clearly, and pursue it more directly.

On the contrary, the Frenchman's ideas evaporate in ceaseless chat ; he exposes himself to bickering and contradiction ; excites the garrulity of his wife and sisters ; involves himself in quarrels

with his neighbours; and finds, in the end, that his life has been squandered away without use or benefit.

His account of the Indians in Appendix No. 6, is quite interesting. He has one singular idea, that the colour of the Indians is owing to exposure to the sun, and having their skins rubbed with grease and juices; and he seems to have the same opinion of the colour of the negro Mr. Volney views the Indians without the common prejudices of writers, who either degrade them to the rank of brutes, or adorn them like the fictitious heroes of the golden age. He takes more pains than would seem necessary, to prove the uncomfortable state of the savage life, and the necessity of exclusive landed property to its amelioration, were it not to oppose the doctrine of Rousseau, then in vogue. Mr. Volney relates in a note a singular anecdote respecting Rousseau. Diderot asked Rousseau, in what way he meant to take up the celebrated question, proposed by the Academy of Dijon, to which he replied, "In the obvious way; there can be but one way. Can the arts and sciences be otherwise than favourable to the prosperity of nations?" "That," said Diderot, "will only be to trample on the fallen; to swim with the tide: it would be far more striking to maintain the reverse." Rousseau went away, evidently struck with this thought, wrote his essay accordingly, and the rustick academicians gave him the prize." Some time after, Holbach and Diderot met Rousseau and complimented him upon his ingenuity; he made merry with the triumph of his paradox, and laughed at the simplicity of his judges, but grew angry when the weak side of his argument was pointed out; and the next time they met, he fiercely maintained as truth what he had formerly treated as a jest. Holbach, observing this, said to Diderot, "Rousseau in his first work will make a man walk on all fours!" Mr. Volney compares the Indians both to the Corsicans and Bedweens; but the comparison, upon which he dwells with most delight, is with the ancient Greeks and Romans. He here discovers all the rancour of a modern philosopher, striving to raise his reputation upon the ruins of classick literature. He quotes a long passage from Thucydides, describing the earliest inhabitants of Greece, which he thinks, is entirely applicable to the red men of America. He even says, this analogy extends to the religion and philosophy of Greece, for the Indian has reduced to practice all the precepts of the Stoick school." If any one should infer, that these Indians were sages, he replies, "that those sages were no better than Indians." He adds, "my inference would be justified by the whole history of the Greek tribes, even at their brightest periods, by the long series of their wars and seditions, till their conquest by the Romans, another race of savages from Italy, who in their morals, policy and aggrandizement, bear a striking resemblance to the six nations." Mr. Volney says the Indians have no regular system of religion; but he draws up a mythology, he says, from the best accounts, and which he thinks greatly resembles the mythology of the ancient Greeks. A vocabulary of the Miami language is added, and two maps; the first delineating the course of the winds from the gulf of Mexico, corresponding with Mr. Volney's theory, and likewise the course of the gulf stream, which he makes to turn off at the foot of the banks of Newfoundland, towards Europe, instead

of spreading over those banks, and part of it returning in eddies by the shore of Maine and Massachusetts. The other map is of the United States upon a small scale.

The notes of the translator point out many inaccuracies in Mr. Volney's work. Some of them are judicious, and others of little importance ; but we should not have supposed Mr. Brown would have required the aid of two learned friends to have composed them, had he not informed us of the fact. The translator is not always particular in his use of words.

We do not think, upon the whole, that Mr. Volney's reputation will be raised by the present work. His love of system and of generalizing lead him frequently into the grossest errours ; nor does he always possess the requisite science or knowledge of facts for the subject on which he treats. Mr. Volney once intended to have traced the history, laws and language of the United States ; and were gret that he had not fulfilled his intentions. Although his sentiments on politicks are so violent,and we think so wholly erroneous, that we could neither expect entertainment or instruction on that subject, yet he might have given an interesting account of our manners and habits, as in delineating characters, he discovers such penetration and sagacity, and seems so wholly free from the prejudices,which elsewhere shackle him.

ART. 28.

THE orations delivered on the 4th of July, 1808, at Boston, Newburyport, Portland, Barre, Dedham, Wiscassett and Bolton, by Messrs. Ritchie, Moseley,* Freeman, Caldwell, Richardson, Bradford, and Bigelow, are well written ; and besides advancing and discussing the sentiments and questions, usually advanced and discussed in such anniversary addresses they express in a full and firm, though by no means in a vapouring or threatening tone,the feelings and opinions of a people, reduced, in consequence of the pimping policy of its rulers, to a state of depression, little removed and hardly distinguished from hopeless and irremediable ruin. From these orations it is unnecessary to subjoin extracts : they were heard, or have been read with a melancholy pleasure by those who love their country, and would willingly risque all they cherish as dear, all they respect as venerable,all they revere as sacred, in the relations of social, and civil, and

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* NOTE. We are always pleased to find in American authors imitations of, or quotations from the great masters of English eloquence; but when a gentleman so far forgets the respect due to the publick, as to borrow without acknowledging the obligation imposed by the loan (and such facility of appropriation, the modern pupils of Mercury will forgive our blunt confession, we are at some loss to distinguish from unblushing plagiarism) the thoughts and words of another, and attempt to shift them off upon his auditors or readers as his own native, racy, original opinions and expressions, we consider him as voluntarily incurring the censure of honest and indignant criticism. This observation, though shuffled into a marginal note, deserves remembrance ; and we are now induced to make it, because we remark that one at least of the gentlemen above mentioned, federal orators on the 4th of July last, has in more instances than one, and without deigning to use inverted commas, adopted, verbatim ac literatim, whole sentences of Burke. The negligence of the printer Mr. Moseley will probably urge in his defence : such a plea, however, is not admissible ; it is the duty, and Mr. Moseley ought to know it, of every writer, to correct in the proof sheet, the slightest errors of typography.

political life, if by incurring such, and so many, and so great and aggravated hazards, they could restore the publick prosperity, and retrieve the national honour from the blasting influence of the sneers and hisses and contumelious gestures and grimaces, which, whenever they meet a foreigner are sure to assail their eyes or their ears. It comes, the humiliating confession does indeed come with sorrow and reluctance from our hearts; but, as we always feared, it can no longer be disguised, that the American character, whatever be the cause of its degradation, is now sunk to such a point, that even silent and contemptuous pity, is a better and more generous sentiment, than any stranger, acquainted with the conduct of the present administration of the federal government, is willing to indulge in our behalf; and hence it is, that of our countrymen, such as are not yet hardened to that degree of selfishness, which either excludes or vitiates every principle and sentiment of national pride, are, when abroad, loth and almost ashamed to acknowledge their relation to the once proud, opulent, sovereign, free and independent United States of America.

In making our remarks and extracts on and from the two *best* democratick orations delivered on the last 4th of July, we consider ourselves bound to be somewhat minute; not however, because either of these orations is so artfully composed as actually to produce, though each of them without doubt intended, as each of them threatens, to produce much mischief: but on these performances, we feel obliged to bestow no inconsiderable attention, because they both discover that sullen and malignant antipathy, which, in its essence and active properties, and living, indefatigable energy characterizes and almost constitutes and preserves in its full vigour and sinister virtue the spirit of democracy; a spirit which delights and is always ready and even happy, as it should seem, to display itself in a rancourous and deadly aversion from all that exalts and ennobles human nature.

If they can find time and summon patience enough to read the July addresses pronounced this year at Newburyport and Plymouth, by Mr. Cogswell and Mr. Sampson; and, farther, if they are willing to receive the sentiments therein contained as an authentick exposé of the political creed of Mr. Jefferson's idolators; supposing these two things, which, though almost, are not quite without the circle of supposition; it seems to us not impossible, that many who have hitherto owned (some have had effrontery enough openly to boast) themselves proselytes to democracy, will renounce their heresies, and returning to and reposing on the true faith, will adopt and defend the orthodox articles of Federal Republicanism.

Omitting, therefore, to say more of Mr. John Billings' "Oration, pronounced before a company of young and middle aged citizens of Portsmouth, (N. H.) on board sloop William, off Portsmouth Harbour," than an adapted quotation from Dryden contains: "Sure the author wrote his oration aboard some smack in a storm, and, being sea sick, spewed up a good lump of clotted nonsense at once;" and knowing that we should wantonly trespass on our readers' good nature, if we should descend to analyze into its constituent rags and tatters and linsey-woolsey ornaments, the trumpery oration, pronounced before the citizens of Roxbury by Mr. N. Ruggles Smith, we proceed to make some remarks and extracts on and from the afore-

said orations, being the two best of the orations, which, with perhaps more truth than delicacy, we are obliged to stigmatize with the detestable epithet of jacobinick : and of these two orations, the first purports to have been delivered at Newburyport, by Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq.

This oration is remarkable for its language ; which, being unnaturally compounded and jumbled wildly together from the two most abhorrent things in nature, rumbling bombast, and the tamest and most drowsy strain of narration, we decidedly think (and we do not except from this opinion even Mr. N. R. Smith's or Mr. John Billings') the worst and the flattest—the very flattest that ever was, or ever will, may, can, shall, would, might, could or should be spoken or written by any man, woman, child, monkey, baboon, magpie, parrot, flounder, porpoise, and so downwards, or upward, if you please, through the almost innumerable genera and species of animals, capable or incapable of speaking and writing, whether the same be found walking on the earth, flying through the air, or swimming in the sea.

Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. we do not wish to discourage from attempting through his pen to instruct his political brethren ; but for a very different purpose, and in order that his future productions may have more effect, we venture to recommend to Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. the purchase and diligent and frequent perusal of a small 18mo book, which, if he should not consider advice from us as beneath his notice, he, Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. may buy at any bookseller's in town or country ; and though it may perhaps cost two pistareens or more, say, half a dollar yet we are confident that Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. will consider his money as well laid out, and never regret that he, Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. spent forty or even fifty cents to become the owner and possessor of Blair's Lectures on Rhetorick, abridged in usum Tyronum. Besides other things which he would acquire from this little volume, Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. might thence probably learn that if nothing more, yet at least a decent, how-do-you-do regard to those two old-fashioned, square-toed fellows, grammar and logick, has hitherto been considered as not wholly below the attention of him, who appears before the publick in the character of an author.

After recounting or pretending to recount the causes, events and consequences of the revolution in 1775, Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. concludes his oration by a most luminous, learned, cogent and resistless argument, drawn from history as well modern as ancient, and levelled with a sure, unerring aim against that absurd and stupid form of government commonly known and execrated by the name of monarchy. And here, with whatever reluctance the confession may be extorted from us, here it must be confessed that Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. has left all his competitors panting and even breathless behind him ; although he was obliged to carry on his shoulders, and through all the weary doubling heats was sweltering and ready to faint beneath the two fold burden of a tall, raw-boned Greek and squat, full-bellied Frenchman. But the combined weight and impediment of Millot and Arrian could not tire down the impetuous mettle of Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. In this race he has even distanced truth, and has run history itself not only out of wind and sight, but almost out of heart.

For the edification of those, and

only those who, acting upon the maxim of "Nil admirari," are proof against all the sorceries of genius in full league with erudition we select the peroration; and if there lives a man who can read it without feeling his mind expand, and heave, and billow into tumultuous pleasure, we can only say with regret for such a man, that he wants one source of boisterous joy, which we are fortunate enough to possess; we mean that lithe, flexible, elastick tone of the risible muscles, which can revel in unrestrained laughter at folly, attempting to ape the look of wisdom, and at ignorance, endeavouring to mimick the language of science.

Gentle Reader, for mercy's sake, and as you dread the twitching torturing pains of a side-ache—hold your sides—for here he comes—here comes Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. *plenum sed*, with his silk gown, satin breeches, open clock'd stockings and all, with his oration in one hand, and with the other hand extended, and brandishing in fierce gesticulation, "making such horrid circles in the air," that one might as well stand beneath the stroke of Michael's sword, as come within the "wind of such commotion"—here he comes—and hark! he begins.

Our own happy form of Government stands unrivalled in the history of the governments of nations.

It possesses all the excellences of ancient and modern Republics, without their faults; together with many improvements, particularly in the representative system, with which they were not so well acquainted.

It possesses, if I may so express myself, the seeds of eternal duration

An enlightened, independent, and virtuous yeomanry, form the great body of the people; and so long as they retain and own the soil which they cultivate, so long are our liberties on a sure, a certain, and immoveable foundation.

Some of my respectable audience have grown grey in the cause of freedom; others are just entering upon the theatre of action. Let me conjure you, one and all, that having put your hand to the plough, look not back You are engaged in the cause of *eternal truth and righteousness* It is a cause that will bring comfort and consolation in the dark hour of adversity and distress.

It is a cause that will tranquilize and smooth the elevated sunshine of prosperity. It is a cause that will, on reflection, afford the peaceful serenity of a good conscience, in the awful hour of exchanging time for eternity. And it is a cause that will endure "till the great Globe itself shall dissolve, and like the baseless fabrick of a vision, leave not a wreck behind."

The second of these two orations is said to have been pronounced at Plymouth by Zabdiel Sampson, A. M. Whether Mr. Sampson, the author of this oration, is a clergyman, though the question has been often asked, we have not been able to learn; two, however, at least, of the committee that requested a copy of this oration for the press, are, we understand, settled as ministers, one at Plymouth and the other at Abington: and is it possible, that men, who could patiently hear, and even listen with a calm, complacent pleasure, which, we may suppose, occasionally swelled into malignant exultation, to the wanton and shameless falsehoods, which stare one another in the face, and cluster and swarm in every page of this performance, are worthy to address the God of Truth? Mr. Niles and Mr. Judson, to say nothing of Mr. Barker, the third and last of the committee, or of Mr. Sampson, the orator, are of age to know, and therefore they are inexcusable if they do not know and feel, that the following sentence is such as nothing but the cold-blooded malice of a savage could have dictated; and are these reverend gen-

tlemen ignorant, that by publishing the sentence, they adopt and avow as their sentiment, the sentiment it contains. If Messrs. Niles, Judson, Barker and Sampson really hold the tenets advanced in this oration, the doctrine of total and radical depravity is no longer a mere dogma ; and though we may wish otherwise, we do not see how these reverend gentlemen can possibly escape that eternal punishment, which, supposing and granting the benevolence of God, can only exist as the consequence and fate of total and radical depravity. The sentence, to which these remarks are prefatory, is subjoined :

> Need I, on this festive day, call to your mind the worst of traitors, the blackest of satan's empire, the tories of our revolution ?

From this oration it were worse than useless to make many or large extracts ; because every well principled mind recoils from a work, in which almost every sentence teems or is labouring with some monstrous or abortive conception. We will select one passage more, and then consign Mr. Sampson to the reader's indignant contempt, which, as he has foolishly incurred it, will, without doubt, be liberally bestowed. Mr Sampson gravely asserts, and one would suppose from his gravity of assertion, that he expected to be believed, when he says, that,

> We can attack our enemies with no weapon more powerful. It has already done more than the combined armies of Europe for years. They have never caused England to exclaim, peace with France, or no king. Our embargo has done more than this. It has prostrated that nation, at the feet of the throne, supplicants for their existence. Already do they declare, even from the cabinet, peace with America, or we expire.

Such, as represented in these two quotations, are the spirit and policy, which Mr. Sampson, in his oration, cherishes and defends ; and if, as from certain technical terms we are inclined to suspect, Mr. Sampson be a clergyman, we feel no hesitation in saying, that, whether he sincerely holds, or, merely for sinister purposes, professes to hold the opinions advanced in his oration, his name, instead of being what it ought to be, a star, is a foul and ugly spot on the sacred robe of christianity. But whether clergyman or layman, Mr. Sampson has, in his oration, discovered such a bitterness, such a rankling malignity of temper, that, it may be doubted, whether his mind, when it shall be purified from the last, lingering drop of charity, will be able to conceive sentiments of more unmingled malice, than those which he has already shewed himself not ashamed to avow. He who could submit to write, and they who would consent or could endure to hear such a wanton and frontless violation of truth (we will not however palliate the writer's or the hearers' deliberate guilt, by using gentle terms ; we recall the circumlocutory phrase, and say, that the auditors as well as the author of such downright, shameless lying, as the sentences last extracted from Mr. Sampson's oration contain) are not worthy to enjoy the blessings of good government. God be thanked, and from the deepest recesses, from the purest affections of our hearts, we do most devoutly thank and adore the Almighty Disposer, that the people of the United States, though still drowsy and oscitant, are beginning to awake. That subtle lethargy, which unless soon and effectually counteracted, will at length find or make its way to the heart, and there brooding over the blood in a stagnant and deadly calm, will certainly benumb,

if by some contranitency, little short of miraculóus, it should not suspend or destroy forever the very springs and principles of life and action, is, we hope and trust in God, gradually dissipating; and though this creeping pestilence still lingers in the veins, and luxuriates and wantons lazily in that languid and listless indifference, which has stolen upon no small portion of the political body, yet we do sincerely, and confidently think and believe, not merely, however, because we could ardently desire, but because we may reasonably expect, and indeed must, (if the publick mind is not palsied to insensibility) from the lingering and continually exasperating tortures, under which our commerce is groaning, and writhing and ready to expire, necessarily conclude, that the time is not far distant, when, rising in full strength, and with the "visual nerve purged as with euphrasy," the people will discover the dangers of implicit confidence and resist the mischiefs of passive obedience.

Before we take leave of him, Mr. S. will allow us to whisper in his ear, that neither elegance, nor dignity, nor delicacy, nor energy of style arises from using such terms of reproach, as glance from the characters of his political opponents, and seem, as if from some fatal instinct or sympathy, to fasten with a deadly hold on the political associates of Mr. Sampson.

Just before this article went to the press, an oration delivered at Charleston, South Carolina, by Mr. Charles Fraser, was put into our hands. The style of this oration, though it here and there swells to bombast, is on the whole elegantand manly; and we most sincerelylament, that Mr. Fraser's political opinions are not equally unexceptionable with his style. Mr. Fraser seems to have forgotten, that, for the outrage on the Chesapeake, the British government (upon one, and only one simple, and, as it would seem, necessary condition, the revocation of the President's proclamation) tendered to the American government full and ample satisfaction. Mr. Jefferson, however, would not revoke his proclamation; and, of course, Mr. Rose, after having to no purpose loitered away two months at Washington, went home, to tell the "vindictive tyrants of the main" (such are Mr. Fraser's words,) that "their proffered friendship" was considered by the Americans as "inglorious treachery."

ART. 29.

A Compendious System of Universal Geography, designed for schools, compiled from the latest and most distinguished European and American travellers, voyagers, and geographers. By Elijah Parish, D. D. minister of Byfield, Massachusetts. Newburyport. Thomas & Whipple, booksellers. pp. 213. 1807.

THIS little work is presented to the publick with the recommendations of several respectable persons; and as far as they speak of it comparatively, as the best work of the kind, that has been published in this country, they are probably correct. Many facts are certainly collected; and though not always selected with care, as to their importance, yet pains seem to have been taken, and generally with success, to have them correct. His great multiplication of authorities in a school book of this kind rather savours of affectation. But we think the plan of the work radically wrong. To undertake in a less space than a hundred

duodecimo pages to give not only a general idea of the whole ancient world, but a particular account of every government in Europe, Asia, and Africa, with their principal cities, rivers, &c. seems perfectly ridiculous. It cannot be possible for a boy to remember more of his lesson from such a book, than he would of a table of logarithms after he had been obliged to commit it to memory. To give our readers an idea of Mr. Parish's manner, we shall quote the description of two of the West-India islands, and two of the Swiss cantons.

Guadaloupe. The centre of this island is in lat. 16° 30′ N. and [it] is about 80 leagues in circuit.

St. Thomas lies in lat. 18° N. is 15 miles in circumference, and has a safe harbour.

Bern. This canton is 180 miles in length, and contains a third part of Switzerland; the population is 400,000; their religion is Calvinism.

Zug. This is a catholick canton with a population of 16000.

This is all that is said of these places. To incumber a boy's memory with such a parcel of isolated facts would be extremely injudicious, even if he were capable of retaining them; and to repeat a long list of barren names may give a boy reputation at the visitation of a school committee; but can never be of any service to him. Such a geography can only be learnt by aid of the birch.

If our author had seen the geographical work lately published by Dr. Aikin, he would probably have adopted a different plan himself. Dr. Aikin, it is true, says, that his work was not designed to supersede elementary works, but it cannot fail to captivate the mind of youth by the interesting dress, in which he has clothed a vast variety of useful information. Should Dr. Parish alter the plan of his work in another edition, we have no doubt he would present the publick with a valuable school book, which the present work shows him fully adequate to perform.

RETROSPECTIVE NOTICE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ARTICLE 5.

The General Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles, with the Names of the Adventurers, Planters, and Governours, from their first beginning, Anno. 1584, *to this present*, 1626. *Also the Maps and Descriptions of all those countries, &c. divided into six books. By Capt. John Smith, sometime Governour in these countries, and Admiral of New-England.* Folio. London, printed by I. D. and I. H. for Michael Sparks. 1627.

THE first patents were granted to the adventurers, who discovered Virginia in the year 1584, and were procured by Sir Walter Raleigh, a man, whose misfortunes give him an interest in every good heart, while all admire his abilities and enterprising spirit. Amidas and Barlow were sent on the voyage, and land-

ed at the inlet of the Roanoke, since under the government of North Carolina. When they returned to England, they gave such an account of the places they visited, that the queen espoused the project of making a settlement, and she called the country Virginia, for two reasons which are given: first, that it was discovered in her reign, who was a Virgin Queen; and as it did still seem to retain the virgin purity and plenty of the first creation, and the people their native innocence. The natives were said to be perfectly affable and good natured, and the air of the climate equally charming and salutary.

When king James came to the throne, he granted letters patent, bearing date, 1606, and appointed two companies, who had liberty to begin their plantation on any part of Virginia, between the latitude of 34 and 41.

By virtue of this patent, capt. John Smith sailed in December of that year with three small ships; and a commission was given him to establish a colony, and to govern by a President and Council that should be annually chosen.

In the volume before us, this voyage of capt. Smith is called the sixth voyage. Prior adventurers made one general complaint, that they had found no good harbours. He entered the great Bay of Chesapeake, and landed on the southern cape, which he called Cape Henry, in honour of the prince of that name; and the north, Cape Charles: having thus marked the capes by the names of the king's sons, he gave the name of the river JAMES, after the monarch himself. This great river had been called by the Indians POWHATAN.

The Indians at first appeared fair and friendly; they soon, however, discovered in the English settlers, a thirst for treasure, which led not only to oppressive acts, but to those mean and wicked contrivances, which are the spawn of avarice, and make men as unfeeling as they are selfish; and the consequence was, that they also manifested deceit and treachery. Smith himself was equally humane and brave; and his situation called forth such energies, as make him equal to the heroes of romance. We form this opinion from his actions, and the representations of others concerning him; and not from any description he gives of his own prowess. This enterprising navigator was a warriour, a politician and an historian. In each character he was conspicuous and useful. A very full view of him is given in the 1st volume of Belknap's American Biography, which will reward every one that reads it with instruction and entertainment.

Our design is only to represent him as an author; and his work is certainly among the most interesting of our early historians.

The first map of these coasts ever sketched, was by his hand, A. D. 1614. He describes the shores, islands, harbours and headlands, and, having requested of Prince Charles that he would give the country a name, it was called NEW ENGLAND. Our navigator himself had formerly given his name to the islands, which are divided between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, now called Isles of Shoals. They are called Smith's Islands in the map.

He also published in a small quarto the account of his voyages, which was printed in several works of those who made collections of voyages and travels.

In 1622, he printed a book, called *New England Trials*, but this is no where to be found, except a few

extracts in Purchas's Pilgrims. In 1627, he published his general history of Virginia, New England and Summer Isles, with the names of the adventurers, planters and governours, from their first beginning A. D 1584, to the year 1626, with the proceedings of those several colonies, and the accidents that befel them in all their journies and discoveries. Also the maps and descriptions of those countries, commodities, people, government, customs and religions yet known.

This work, the subject of our Review, is the most complete account of several voyages and settlements now remaining. The extracts in Purchas, Churchill, &c. are rather portions of history than full narratives.

It is a folio edition, divided into six books, and Smith is styled *Admiral of New England*, in the title page. The frontispiece is curious and well designed. At the top are the pictures of queen Elizabeth and James and Charles, who were kings during the progress of his discoveries. Upon the sides are the arms of England, St. George and Dragon crest, and the motto, *Gens incognita mihi serviet.* At the bottom is the ocean with a ship in full sail, *Quo fata ferunt.* The dedication and preface of the history are in the quaint style of a literary man, who is conscious of merit, who has a claim to publick attention, but too independent of spirit to court that favour, which he is willing to receive, if not grudged him.

The first book begins with the voyage of Madoc, 1170, and relates the several voyages to the discoveries of Capt. Weymouth, 1605. Smith does not pretend to establish the truth of the ancient voyages, as they are called, previously to the time of Columbus. He gives the honour of the discovery of the American continent to John Cabot and his son Sebastian. "Though Columbus," says he, "discovered certain islands, he did not see the continent till 1498, which was a year after Cabot had visited it. Americus did come a long time after, yet the whole continent, to this day, is called America." He speaks of the Floridas in the romantick style of an adventurer, as abounding in every thing which can astonish and delight. "No part of the world produces so many grapes; and as to tall trees, the cedars of Libanus are not equal to them."

The second book is, "the account of Virginia, now planted, as discovered by Capt. John Smith."

The bounds of Virginia were then "the great ocean, eastward; on the south side, Florida; on the north, Nova Francia; as to the west, the limits unknown."

His Indians differ from those of our northern tribes, who are said to have no beards. Writers, however, express different opinions; some declaring they have none, others that nature produces a beard, of which they deprive themselves as soon as it makes its appearance. "The men," says he, "wear half their beards shaven, the other half long. For barbers, they use women, who, with two shells, will grate it away of any fashion they please."

Capt. Smith closes his account with saying, how different those people were, who submitted to social order, from the idle vagrants among the colonists, who would submit to no discipline or authority, who suffered most grievously. "In all this time I lost but seven or eight men, yet, subjected the savages to obedience, and received contribution

from five of their kings, to protect and assist them against any that should assault them ; in which order they continued true and faithful, and as subjects to his majesty, so long as I did govern them, until I left the country ; how they have revolted, the country lost, and again replanted, and the business hath succeeded from time to time, I refer you to the relations of them returned from Virginia, that have been more diligent in such observations."*

The third book gives, "the proceedings of the colony, from the relations of several of the first settlers, collected by Wm. Symonds, D D. These accounts are correct and impartial, and tend much to the honour of Capt. Smith, the President. It is a short view of the state of the colony from the pens of others, who were eye witnesses of his proceedings and of the accidents which took place."

The fourth book is "an account of the proceedings after the alteration of the government."

Among the writers who describe this period of their history, may be reckoned Mr. John Rolfe ; he signs his name, attesting certain proceedings, June, 1618. This man was the husband of Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan, to whom he was married, A. D. 1613.†

During this time (1617, according to the relation of Capt. N. Powell, and others) the lady Rebecca, alias Pocahontas, by the diligent care of her husband, Master John Rolfe, was taught to speak such English, as might well be understood, well instructed in christianity and was become formal and civil after our English manner. She had also by him a child, which she loved most dearly, and the treasurer and company took order for the maintenance of her and it ; besides these even persons of great rank and quality had been very kind to her. And before she arrived in London, Capt. Smith, to deserve her former courtesies, made her qualitie known to the queen's most excellent majesty, and her court, and writ a little book to this effect to the queen.

This little book is an address to queen Anne, recommending Pocahontas ; and it is such a curious morsel of writing, according to the taste of that day, that we wish it were consistent with our limits to give the whole of it ; but we must refer to the several histories of Virginia, where it is carefully preserved. During this time Capt. Smith met with

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* Beverly gives a sad account of the idle part of the company. They found a fresh stream of water springing out of the ground, near Jamestown island, in which was a yellow sort of dust isinglass, which they took to be gold, and which made them distracted, for they neglected the necessary means of defence against the Indians, and the support of their bodies by securing of provisions. They were so reduced, that, for a time, they lived upon wild fruits, or upon crabs and muscles, as some of the laziest Indians, who have no pleasure in exercise, and wont be at the pains to fish and hunt. Many of them were destroyed, and the rest had only what fell into their mouths. Whereas by the care and management of Capt. J. Smith, in the year 1608, those who followed him were able to gather Indian corn of their own planting.

† To the curious it may give pleasure to know that the first christian marriage in this part of the world was in 1607, John Leyden and Anna Burrows were then joined together in wedlock.

The first child that was born of christian parentage was at Roenoke, August 18, 1587, and she was christened by the name of Virginia. She was a daughter of Mr. Ananias Dare. During the same month, the first Indian that was made a christian in these American regions, was baptised by the name of Manteo, and they styled him Lord of Dassamonpeak.

We here speak of English America, not extending our remarks to the Spanish dominions at the south.

Pocahontas in England. She had supposed he was dead.

Being about this time to set sail for New-England, I could not stay to do her that service I desired, and she well deserved; but hearing she was at Brenford with diverse of my friends, I went to see her. After a modest salutation, without any word, she turned about, observed my face, as not seeming well contented; and in that humour her husband, with diverse other, we all left her for two or three hours, repenting myself to have writ she could speak English But not long after she began to talk, and remembered what courtesies she had done; saying, You did promise Powhatan what was yours should be his, and he the like to you; you called him father, being in his land a stranger, and for the same reason so must I do you; which, though I would have excused, I durst not allow of that title, because she was a king's daughter. With a well set countenance she said, Were you not afraid to come into my father's country, and caused fear in him and all the people (but me) and fear you here I should call you father? I tell you then I will, and you shall call me child, and so I will be forever and ever your countryman. They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth; yet Powhatan did command Vitamatomekkin to seek you and know the truth, because your countrymen will lie much.

The quotation we make not only as a specimen of primeval simplicity of manners, and plainness of style, but as containing an account of the interview so complete, that nothing need be added or diminished. Yet it is somewhat different from several narratives, which have come under our cognizance. One only will serve, which is to be found in Beverly's History of Virginia, to shew that the text and comment do not always agree. He says, that when this lady arrived in England, she had been informed, that Capt. Smith was dead, because he had been diverted from that colony by making settlements in New-England. "For this reason when she saw him, she seemed to think herself much affronted, for that they had dared to impose so gross a sense upon her, and at first sight turned away. She put him in mind of her former kindness, and then upbraided him for his forgetfulness of her, shewing by her reproaches, that even a state of nature teaches to abhor ingratitude."

In the *American Biography* it is thus related, that, "at her first interview with Smith, she called him father, and because he did not immediately return the salutation, and call her child, she was so overcome with grief, that she hid her face, and would not speak for some time."

From Smith's account, every thing which took place at the interview may naturally be accounted for. She was dumb from astonishment, seeing one, who, as she supposed, was dead, a man so dear to her, and that after her heart was let loose upon the occasion, and the streams of sensibility began to flow easily, she conversed freely, calling him father, &c.

This child of nature, or this amiable young lady, as she was called, after being introduced to civilized and cultivated society, died at Gravesend, just as she was ready to sail for her native land, which doubtless had charms more congenial to her disposition.

"It pleased God to take her to his mercy," according to the relation of Capt. Argall, "and she made not more sorrow for her unexpected death, than joy to the beholders to hear and see her make so religious and godly an end."

The fifth book is a relation of the discoveries of the Summer Islands, otherwise called *Bermuda*, from a Spanish ship that was cast ashore. Sir George Summers died here, in 1609, from whom they took the

name. They are sometime called Somer isles, and he is named Somers. This fault runs through the book, and it shows how little regard was paid to the spelling of names in our ancient records. Words of all kinds are spelt as differently in this book, in the relation of the same voyage, as though they were written in different ages. There was indeed no standard of orthography.

The sixth and last book contains Capt. Smith's voyages to New-England, and the map beforementioned of these coasts, very curious, with a large portrait of Capt. J. Smith, Admiral of N. England. The first voyage was A. D. 1614. He made a second the succeeding year.

The part we call New-England, is between 41 and 45 degrees, the very mean between the north pole and the line, but that part this discourse speaketh of, stretcheth from Penobscot to Cape Cod, some 75 leagues by a right line drawn from each other. Within which bounds I have seen forty several habitations upon the sea-coasts, and sounded above twenty-five good harbours, in many whereof there is anchorage for five hundred ships of any burden, in some of them for one thousand; and more than two hundred islands overgrown with good timber of diverse sorts of wood, which do make so many harbours, as required a longer time, than I had, to be well observed.

The conclusion of the work is a complete specimen of his opinions, and manner of writing.

I have thrown myself with my mite into my country's good, not doubting God will stir up some noble spirits to consider and examine if worthy Columbus could give the Spaniards any such certainties of his design, when queen Isabel sent him forth with fifteen sail. And though I promise no mines of gold, yet the warlike Hollanders let us imitate, but not hate, whose wealth and strength are good testimonies of their treasury gotten by fishing.

And New-England has already yielded by general computation one hundred thousand pounds at least. Therefore, honourable and worthy countrymen, let not the meanness of the word Fish distaste you, for it will afford as good gold as the mines of Guinea and Potasie, with less hazard and charge, and more certainty and felicity. J. S.

Notwithstanding the dryness and barrenness of this history to those who read works where the pages are adorned and enriched with the observations of the writer, whose fancy glows while he is narrating the things which happen; we must think our ancient books fruitful in events worthy of attention, and such as may excite our admiration. Hence we offer to the publick this work among the objects of our Retrospective Review. As to the style, we submit it to the opinion of the reader. It is as good as the times would allow, especially from men remarkable for their enterprize and activity, rather than any literary character. Here is much apparent truth and candour, and we look into such books for curious matter, and find naked facts without any attempt at ornament. Future historians will be able to build very beautiful superstructures with these rough stones for the foundation. Every transaction is mentioned, whether of war or peace; and when Capt. Smith writes, he often expatiates upon circumstances that are interesting. But it is not only for the use of future writers we wish those ancient records to be kept. In every generation there are some few whose minds are soothed with the remembrance of their fathers' virtues; who seek their footsteps, and the lines which mark the place of their habitation. In this volume they will find precious documents of their earliest history; and their eyes will glisten with pleasure over the first map ever made of their coasts.

CATALOGUE
OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,
FOR JULY, 1808.

Sunt bona sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala, plura.——MART.

NEW WORKS.

The Young Lady's Arithmetic: a complete mercantile system for the use of young persons, more especially the fair sex. By Adoniram Judson, jun. A. B. author of "the Elements of English Grammar." Boston. Snelling & Simons, printers. pp. 76. Price 37½ cents.

An oration delivered before the Republican citizens of Newburyport, in the Rev. John Giles' meeting-house, on the 4th of July, 1808 By Nathaniel Cogswell, Esq. Newburyport, printed by W & J. Gilman. 8vo. pp. 19.

The Military Mentor, being a series of letters recently written by a general officer to his son, on his entering the army; comprising a course of elegant instruction, calculated to unite the characters and accomplishments of the gentleman and the soldier Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 336. Cushing and Appleton, Salem, and Joshua Cushing, Boston.

The Embargo Laws, with several documents relative thereto. Boston Joshua Cushing, printer. 12mo. pp. 36.

Oration, pronounced July 4, 1808, before a company of young and middle aged citizens of Portsmouth, on board sloop William, off Portsmouth harbour. By John Billings. Portsmouth. S. Sewall, printer.

An Oration, delivered at Bolton, July 4, 1808 By Abijah Bigelow, counsellor at Law Printed at Leominster, by S. and J. Wilder.

An Oration delivered at Wiscasset, July 4, 1808 By Alden Bradford, Esq. Hallowell. N. Cheever, printer.

An Oration, pronounced at Dover, New Hampshire, July 4, 1808, in commemoration of American Independence. By Moses Hodgdon, Esq. Dover. Printed by James K. Remich.

An Oration delivered in St. Michael's church, before the inhabitants of Charleston, July 4, 1808, by appointment of the American Revolution Society. By Chas. Fraser. Charleston, J. Hoff, printer.

An Oration on the principles of Liberty and Independence; pronounced July 4, 1808, at the request of a number of the inhabitants of the town of Dedham, and its vicinity. By James Richardson. Dedham. Printed by H. Mann.

No. I of the Admonitory Epistles to the visitors of Ballston-Spa. By Simeon Senex, Esq. Ballston-Spa. Printed by Miller & Riggs 8vo. pp. 8.

An Oration delivered at the request of the selectmen of Portland, July 4, 1808. By William Freeman. Portland. Printed at the Gazette Office.

NEW EDITIONS.

Nos. 16 and 18 of Shakespeare's works, which complete the second Boston edition. Published by Munroe, Francis & Parker.

The third edition of Ross's Latin Grammar, much enlarged and improved. Published by Hopkins and Earle, Philadelphia

The Laws of Congress and of Massachusetts, for the government and discipline of the militia. Cushing and Appleton, Salem.

WORKS IN PRESS.

I. Riley of New-York, has in the press the following works:

Sheppard's Touchstone, in 2 vols. royal octavo.

Noy's Maxims, 1 vol. 12mo.

Espinasse's Digest of the laws of actions and trials at Nisi Prius, 2 vols. 8vo.

Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Judicature of the state of New-York, from January term, 1799, to January term, 1808, both inclusive, together with cases in the Court of Errours. By William Johnson, Counsellor at Law.

The natural, civil and political history of Chili, translated from the Abbe Molina, with notes from the Spanish and French version, and a copious Appen-

dix, consisting of a translation into English heroick verse, of the most striking and interesting passages in the celebrated Spanish epick poem, "The Araucana," by Don Alonzo de Ercilla. 2 vols. 8vo. illustrated by a map of the country.

The Lovers of La Vendee, a novel, translated from the French, 2 volumes, duodecimo.

WORKS ANNOUNCED

Andrews & Cummings, of this town, propose to reprint by subscription, a general and connected View of the Prophecies, relative to the conversion, restoration, union, and future glory of the houses of Judah and Israel; the progress and final overthrow of the antichristian confederacy in the land of Palestine; and the ultimate general diffusion of christianity. By Rev. George Stanley Faber, B.D. Vicar of Stockton-upon-Tees. The work will be reprinted from the London edition, to match the American edition of the author's Dissertations, and will contain upwards of 450 pages, octavo.

Andrews & Cummings, and William Wells, propose publishing, the Prophetical Books of the Old Testament, from the best modern versions. The work is to be printed on fine wove paper, in numbers of 150 pages each. Price 75 cents a number.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. STEELE'S POEMS.

We are happy to hear, that poems on subjects chiefly devotional, by Theodosia, are soon to be presented to the publick from the American press. We have always been delighted with the elegant and pious productions of this favourite muse. She often leads our devotion in our churches; and no one, who is sensible either to the charms of poetry, or to the pleasures of piety, can have read with indifference the hymns of Mrs. Steele. Her life was the life of a saint: it was given to religion, to friendship, to benevolence; and all, who feel interested in the cause, to which she was devoted, will be happy in remembering, that, with this heavenly spirit, she was blessed with the powers, by which she was enabled to embody it; and by which, though dead, she is even now inspiring it in others. Were it not, that in sacred poetry, devotion was chiefly to be regarded, we should be at a loss which most to admire, the charms of her verse, or the purity and warmth of her piety. We certainly may be permitted to congratulate the friends of religion on the beautiful union of both, which is displayed in most of this lady's productions.

These volumes have equalled all our expectations. We are certainly indebted to the pious labours of Dr. Belknap for making us acquainted with the choicest of Mrs. Steele's hymns; but we think we have found in these volumes, others, which are also entitled to the highest praise. They are called "Miscellaneous Pieces," but most of them are devoted to piety; the same heavenly spirit pervades them. Some of them are addressed to her friends, and many were occasioned by providential events, which in her devotional, attentive mind could not pass unnoticed. But whether she writes to a friend, or is engaged more particularly in addressing her God, we feel the same warm and glowing piety: we can discover an heart overflowing with a sense of divine love; overwhelmed with humility and gratitude, or panting for those heavenly pleasures to which it was so congenial. We have been charmed with many beauties in these volumes; and should we venture to select any, it would be the following stanzas from her MESSIAH, which though an ode, and widely different in other respects from Pope's, may, we think, justly bear a comparison with that long admired eclogue. Taking from Isaiah the beautiful prophecy of the healing power of the Saviour, as if inspired by the same Deity, she exclaims,

"See the eyelids of the blind
Open to the heavenly ray!
See the prospect, bright and new,
Rise to the astonished view.
Boundless wonder fills the mind,
All is transport! all is day.
The hapless ear, of social bliss unknowing,
Receives the healing music of his voice.
Celestial harmony, soft, sweetly flowing,
Bids charm'd attention listen and rejoice.
See the helpless cripple rise,
Bounding like the mountain roe!

If nature's Lord
Pronounce the word,
New strength that word supplies.
Life's active flame,
Informs the frame,
And bids each nerve with native vigor glow.
The tongue, that never could reveal
Heart-felt woe, or pleasure tell,
Held in the chains of mournful silence long;
Now bursts the chains at his command,
Aloud proclaim Messiah's hand,
And raptur'd joins the universal song."

We might have filled many pages with quotations, which we are confident would have delighted our readers. But Mrs. Steele's works are too well known to require our aid, and we should find too much difficulty in the selection. The prose at the end of the third volume, is either moral or devotional; and, like the poetry, is dictated by a warm and ardent piety. Some, disposed to be fastidious, might possibly object, that there was little novelty in the sentiments, and that the language was rather fitted to the familiar style of diary. We acknowledge it has few of the charms which are found in her poetry. But, if it awaken one pious affection, excite one emotion of gratitude, one sentiment of contrition, or inspire one holy resolution, we hope that we are not rash in asserting, that it is of more value, than if loaded with the most brilliant, but unaffecting displays of genius. We would never "reject the ornaments of figurative diction," nor, as we hope, are we insensible to the charms of beauty and taste. Much less would we indulge any enthusiastick wildness. But in subjects of devotion, where the heart is chiefly concerned, ought we not to yield much to the affections, and resign something of the pride of learning, and the fastidiousness of criticism?

We were surprised in hearing, that there was no copy of these valuable books to be found. The laudable enterprize of some of our printers has commenced their republication; and if our humble opinion could increase their encouragement, we cordially recommend them to the publick. These volumes will be ornamental to the shelf of the student; their perusal will charm the taste of the elegant, and give joy and delight to the pious in heart.

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.

The following account of the Catholick College at Maynooth, Ireland, is extracted from the papers lately laid before the House of Commons.

The Roman Catholick College at Maynooth, as is well known, was established for the purpose of removing the difficulty of procuring a suitable education, to which students intended for the catholick ministry in Ireland were subject, in consequence of the suspension of intercourse between that country and the continent, occasioned by the late war. It is supported by an annual parliamentary grant, aided in some degree by private donations and legacies, which have amounted, since the commencement of the institution, to upwards of eight thousand pounds. In its present state the establishments is not considered as adequate to the wants of the Irish church. The buildings must be extensive, as 32,000*l.* have been expended on them, and they are not yet complete. The number of students for the present year is about two hundred. They are provided with lodgings, commons, and instruction, from the funds of the establishment, but each student pays 9*l.* 2*s.* entrance money, and his personal expenses during the year are calculated at 20*l.* There is a recess during the months of July and August, and a cessation from publick business for a few days at the festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost. As it is requisite, even during the time of vacation, for students who wish to be absent from college to obtain the permission of their respective prelates, they for the most part remain during the whole year, and are employed in study, composition, and preparation for the ensuing course. During term the obligation of residence imposed by the statutes is religously enforced. For the admission of a student besides other conditions, the recommendation of his prelate is required. He is then to be examined in the classicks, and admitted, if approved by the majority of examiners. The following is the outline given of the course of studies: *Humanity*, under class, Latin and Greek, Sallust, Virgil, and Horace explained,— select passages of Goldsmith's Roman History occasionally translated into Latin.—portions of the Greek Testament, Lucian and Xenophon construed and explained —Belles Lettres, or first class of Greek and Latin. Greek —Gospel of St. Luke Acts of the Apostles, Epistles of St Paul Homer, Epictetus, Xenophon explained &c Latin—Cicero's Orations, Offices, Livy, part of Seneca, Pliny's Letters, Horace explained, &c. —Rules of Latin versification. *Philosophy*, Logick, Metaphysicks and Ethicks. The professor is obliged, through paucity of

books, to compile a treatise, and dictate it to his scholars. The authors to whom reference is given, are, Seguy philosoph. and Locke. Natural and Experimental Philosophy—different branches of Elementary Mathematicks, Algebra, Geometry, Conick Sections, Astronomy, Mechanicks Opticks, Hydraulicks, &c. Chemistry—Various English authors. *Divinity*—Dogmatical, 1st course; de Religione; 2d course, de Incarnatione et ecclesia; 3d course, de sacramentis in genere, de Eucharistia. The professor is obliged to compile these treatises, which are chiefly taken from the following books: Hooke, Bailey, Duvoisin, Le Grand, Tournely, N Alexander, P. Collet, Co. Tour. *Moral*—1st course, de actibus humanis, de conscientia, de peccatis, de matrimonio. 2d course, de legibus, de virtutibus theol et moral, de sacramento pœnitentiæ. 3d course, de jure et justitia, de contractibus, de obligatione statuum, de censuris, &c. Authors, Paul A toine, P Collet, Continuator Tournelii. There is at present no regular professor of sacred scriptures, but a portion of the New Testament is committed to memory every week, the Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles are explained, the epistles from Dom. Calmet, Maldonatus, Esthius, Synopsis criticorum, and other biblical expounders. The modern languages which are taught, are English, native Irish, and French.

It will be readily perceived that the lectures retain much of that old scholastick form, which is little calculated for the promotion of true knowledge. The classical instructions are very limited.

The bye laws chiefly relate to internal regulations, enforcing much of the discipline and formality of monachism, and tending to train up the students to that habitual observance of exteriour decorum, which is usually to be remarked in the performance of catholick rites. During meals, the scriptures and other profitable books, selected by the president, are to be read. Constant employment is recommended. The students are to be obedient to their president, not to yield too far to the dictates of their own understanding, and to use only such books as shall be recommended by the president and professors. The following is the general order of each day. The students are summoned by a bell at 5; at half past 5 they meet for publick prayer; from 6 they study in the publick halls; at half past 7 mass is performed; at 8 they breakfast; 9, study in publick halls; 10 attend class; half past 11, recreation; 2, study in publick halls; half past 11, attend class; 3, dinner; 5, class for modern languages; 6, study in publick halls; 8, supper; 9, common prayer; half past 9, all retire in silence to their chambers.

The statutes are employed in describing the duties and qualifications of the members of the institution. The *President* must be a native subject of the British empire, not under thirty years of age, in priest's orders, and must have passed through a complete course of academical learning. It is his duty to superintend the general discipline of the college. In the performance of his office he is assisted by a *Vice-president*. The *Dean*, who is likewise styled *Magister Officii*, inspects manners and morals, and is to be of the same order, age, country, &c. as the President. "Libros curiose inspicito, et si justissima suspicio præiverit, ipsa quoque, annuente præside, scrinia et chartas." The 5th and 6th chapters of the statutes relate to the professors and lecturers, the 7th to the choice of professors, the 8th to the students. The districts of Armagh and Cashal furnish 60 each, those of Dublin and Tuam, 40 each. The 9th chapter respects publick examinations, of which four are held in the course of the year; the 10th and 11th describe the duties of the *Librarian* and *Bursar*. The following are the present officers: Rev. Pat. J. Byrne, D. D. *President*; Rev. F. R Power, A. M. *Vice-president*; Rev. Tho. Coen, *Dean*; Rev. M. Montagu, *Bursar*; Rev. Lewis Delahogue, D. D. *Prof. Dog. Theol.*; Rev. E. Ferris, D. D. *Prof Mor. Phil.*; Rev. A. Darré, A. M. *Nat. and Exp. Phil*; Rev. F. R. Anglade, *Logick*; Rev. Charles Lovelock, A. M. *Belles Lettres*; Rev. Pat. M'Nicholas *Greek and Latin*; Rev Matt. Crowley, *Lect. Dogma. Theol*; Rev Dav. Sinnott, *Lect. Mor. Theol*; Rev. W Crolly, *Lect in Logick*; Mr. M. Usher, *Prof. of Eng Elocution*; Rev. P. O'Brien, *Prof. of Irish Language*; Rev. A. Dunne, *Treasurer*. The emoluments of the Professors are very moderate.

The allegiance of the members of the institution to the government from which they derive their support is testified in various ways. Each student, on his admission, takes an oath, that he is, and will remain, unconnected with any conspiracy. The duty of fidelity to the civil government is to be strongly inculcated by the theological professors. Prayers are to be offered on Sundays and holidays for the king, in a prescribed form.